DMR

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1st Draft

"SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE"

Screenplay by
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GEOGRAPHY

The geography of Sheena's world is simple enough: at the center of the bullseye is the "Secret" buried deep in the escarpment known as the "Mountains of the Moon." On the southern side, the mountain gives way to lofty cuts which lead down to cliffs. The lowest of the cliffs is where the cave entrance leads into the passage-tunnel and into the deeper cavern where the Secret is hidden. Leading up to the cliff are grassy slopes. Beyond them is the Olduvai gorge which cuts across a smaller, grassy plain. Close to the cliffs is the "digging" campsite. The barrier jungle surrounds this area and extends in a massive circle hundreds of miles thick in every direction. At its outer edge, is the Wasende Village. Beyond the Wasende border spread yellow grasslands full of herds of wild game. The city of Kifri lies at the edge of the grasslands.

The expedition pierces from Kifri City, like an arrow, across grasslands, to the Wasende Village and from there on into the barrier jungle. The arrow penetrates the immense jungle and emerges at the Olduvai clearing where the grassy slopes of the campsite lead to the cliffs...and up into the mist-shrouded mountain.

SCENIC NOTE:

Kifri City and the grassy plains provide scenic variety as does the Wasende Village. The interior jungle is another matter -- so to avoid "sameness," scenes which are captioned as simply "Jungle" should be designed. An example is the place described as "Wild Orchid." Livid splashes and cascades of backlit orchid colors will add vivid out-of-focus smears of beauty.

In sum, the word "jungle" should mean different motifs of "dark cathedrals," "filtered tracery," "hanging moss," "delicate fern forests," "bowers," "glades," "rills" -- all possible re-dresses of a confined soundstage setting.

DIRECTORIAL NOTE:

It is also to be understood that the practical locations will dictate the way in which scenes are played, as well as their duration. To that end, dialogue is designed to be either cut or broken into smaller units than appears in the first draft version.

AFRICA (ESTABLISHING MONTAGE)

In a sequence of cadenced dissolves, underscored by impressive music evoking mystery and majesty, the Olduvai plains of Africa brood under a red sun which sinks shimmering into the westerly vastness. Occasional scrub trees break rolling slopes of parched grasses. In the primeval quiet, immense herds of wildlife graze: fawn-colored impalas, pale elands, jagged zebras.

PREDATORS (MONTAGE)

On the edge of the herds, a leopard, ears flattened, dragging its kill, provides a fleeting glimpse of the eternal cycle of life and death. On a grassy rise, a pride of lions gaze into the sunbleached silence with yellow eyes.

A STRANGE PLACE (MONTAGE)

The immediate geography is established by aerial shots. Shadows lengthen, cast by grotesque anthills along the faultline of the Olduvai Gorge. These jagged narrow ridges resemble the spines of buried monsters. Beyond outcroppings rise eroded cliffs, heralds of the Mountains of the Moon.

MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON (MONTAGE)

The abrupt range reaches into crowns of mist. Streamers of rain strew dark filaments across cuts and gorges. Luxuriant odd growths entangle the heights.

BARRIER (MONTAGE)

Below the mountains, the great barrier jungle surrounds the escarpment like a dark sea. Beyond the jungle, the parched plains extend to the edge of twilight.

END MONTAGE

BASE CAMP

At the approach to the Olduvai Gorge, which cuts across the yellow grasses like a scar, a small base camp consisting of a couple of tents with a firepit, is pitched in a clearing. Not far beyond the camp are softly rolling hills which terminate abruptly at the overhanging cliffs.

TENT AREA

Three NATIVES wearing a mixture of khaki and African clothes, prepare food. A spit turns over a bed of coals, roasting a haunch of game. One of the natives squints upward.

EVENING SKY

In the early twilight, huge birds circle. The flared pennion feathers of their extended wings seems ominous.

MOONRISE

A bird hovers against the rising moon. Shimmering, yellow, the moon is full.

PALEONTOLOGICAL DIGS

The late light casts long shadows across the scientific digs. The area is marked off by a criss-cross of surveyor's posts strung with lengths of cord festooned with bits of colored cloth in systematic gridlines. The effect is of a pitted rock-garden set with trellis-looms upon which nothing grows.

PALEONTOLOGIST TEAM

A man and a woman wearing bleached khaki field-jackets, britches, and heavy range-boots are at work on the paleolithic dig. Seasoned professionals, they wear work-belts hung with chisels, chip-hammers, brushes and knives. The man wears a holster with a small calibre pistol.

ANNA

The woman, ANNA, is mature with a strong, suntanned face. She holds a fossil jawbone embedded in a node of clay. She works like a precision jeweller, carefully chipping, measuring with calipers, brushing away debris and entering notes into a science journal.

ALAN

The woman's husband, Alan, is a powerful, broadshouldered man with sandy hair. He lines up a surveyor's telescope, calibrating carefully with the digging site. He aims it at the over-hanging cliffs which are now thrown into snarp crosslight by the slowly setting sun. The barrier jungle looms off to the left, shadowy and impenetrable.

SURVEYOR'S TELESCOPE (OPTICAL)

Through the eyepiece, scanning the crumbled rockface of the cliff, the telescope comes to rest on a shadowy scar. A careful zoom with rack-focus penetrates the jagged façade to reveal a distinct cleft.

DIGS

The scientist checks his sighting and calls out to his wife.

ALAN
Anna! Come take a look!
(Anna stops work)
I've found the entrance to a cave...
up in the cliff!

Anna looks through the surveyor's telescope.

ANNA
Where? I can't see?

ALAN
The cleft...left of the erosion streaks.

ANNA
What makes you think it's a cave?

ALAN
The pattern in the ground markers.
(he points to the stakes)
Starting where we found the bone-
fragments...on toward the pottery
shards...skull fragment...jawbone...
(the strings converge like
an arrow)
The strings converge...in one direction.
(he traces a line up the cliff)
It's like paths leading...there.

ANNA
They came down to hunt....

ALAN
And we know at least one hominid ran
through the gorge...the fossil foot-
prints were headed in this direction....

ANNA
We've got to go up and look!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALAN
It'll be dark in an hour...Yes!
Let's all go up together!

Alan packs up the surveyor's telescope and sets it aside as Anna shields her eyes from the lowering sun, searching for someone.

DIGS

Anna faces the plains area as she calls out. She uses a summoning cry -- without a name. Alan joins in with a melodious whistle. It is a signal to summon a child.

ALAN
Where is she?

ANNA
At the spring. She was trying to hand-feed a baby springbok.

They call again. The sound echoes pleasantly.

SPRING

The watering hole is marshy ground with a cool, green area in the center. A herd of white-tailed antelope graze nearby, moving slowly on delicate legs.

FEMALE CHILD

A LITTLE GIRL of around six years old, wearing a child's leggings and small work-boots, is off by herself beyond a sloping rise. She is engaged in trying to lure a baby springbok close enough to hand-feed it. The sight of the small child and the tiny antelope is charming. At the sound of the echoing call, the vigilant leader of the herd, a proud-chested male, flickers its ears and bolts, leading the others in a graceful stampede, leaping like salmon. The child scrambles up the sloping rise and runs to join her parents.

CAVE APPROACH

The mother and father each take one of the child's hands and make their way up toward the entrance to the cave. The family group is appealing. It's obvious that the little girl is loved by her parents.

CAVE ENTRANCE

At the cave entrance, the light becomes a deep, ruddy tint. Below, the approach sinks into shadow. Alan now carries his daughter up on his broad shoulders. Anna is at his side. They stop at the cave entrance. Alan draws the small pistol. Anna frowns.

ANNA
Animals?

ALAN
We'll go slow. Take a preliminary look and go back for the bearers.
(he lowers the child to the ground)
Hold hands.

CAVE

The family of explorers enters the cave. Inside, the light is filtered. In the glow, they can see a dim chamber. Alan's voice echoes.

ALAN
(picks up a flint chip)
Charcoal...this was the fire-pit.

CHILD
(picks up a fragment)
Pretty....

ANNA
Petrified wood...see? It's turned to stone.
(to Alan)
Who were they?

ALAN
A family...like ours...prehistoric.
Thirty...maybe fifty thousand years ago.

ANNA
(to the child)
Great, great, great, ten or fifteen greats, grandmother...grandfather....

ALAN
'Hominids.' That means...not quite human.
Not quite people.

ANNA
But not quite animals. Because they used fire...and hand-tools...made of stone....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Alan finds a deeper tunnel mouth, leading into deep gloom.

ANNA
What is it?

ALAN
A passageway. It goes way in... deep.

He starts in.

ANNA
Don't go in. Not without light.

ALAN
(stops)
We can't leave it....

ANNA
(nods)
Let's call the bearers.

They go to the cave mouth.

CAVE ENTRANCE

The trio emerges in the dying light. Anna holds her hands over her daughter's ears while Alan cocks the pistol. He fires into the air three times. The gunshots reverb back through the cave, rolling like thunder. Dust sifts down, a tiny premonition of an impending collapse. The echo rolls out across the Olduvai floor, scattering the peaceful herds. Birds fly up. The western sky is a blaze of sunset colors. In the east, the moon hangs low, a sullen smoky yellow.

BASE CAMP

The native bearers respond to the signal. They drop what they are doing and gather equipment. They set out on the run to join the scientists.

OLDUVAI GORGE

As the natives run across the rolling vista toward the cliffs, the light takes on an eerie change, like a cloud-shadow sweeping across the earth.

ECLIPSE

As though presaging ominous events, the rising moon begins to eclipse. A crescent bite obscures the lower right quadrant. The effect is prophetic.

PASSAGEWAY

It is now dark. The paleontologists have penetrated beyond the ante-chamber deep into the tunnel structure. The three native bearers carry hand-lanterns with red "tail lights" which cast scarlet streaks on the rock walks. The little girl carries a flashlight. Her mother works as the child "helps." The group comes to a halt as they arrive at an inner cavern.

CAVERN

The hand-lamps floodlight the inner wall. Confronting them is a weird panorama of torch-drawings: animals, stick-figures, markings. Amid the graceful perfection of bison and hunters are inexplicable signs. The cave paintings are paleolithic and convey an eerie quality. The natives are suddenly quiet.

ALAN
N'Gomo ta-um. Over here.

They move the lights. The paintings shift.

ANNA
Can you read it?

ALAN
Magic. Hunters painted it to reach the souls of animals. Hold them still...for the spears.

ANNA
I don't like this...it looks like a blood sacrifice.
(she finds handprints)
...Handprints. In dried blood. Short thumbs...crooked fingers....

ALAN
Sub-human.

ANNA
But these paintings are intelligent.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALAN
It seems to be the work of two separate groups.
(he moves over to carvings)
...Bas relief? You don't see that until the Ur excavations in Mesopotamia.
(he begins to tap carefully at the carvings)
We've got to take sections...ship it back to the Institute...with some fire-stones. Carbon dating can give us the correct time-frame.

ANNA
I can tell you now, it's older than anything anyone has ever found. The handprints are hominids -- the carvings are human.

ALAN
If you're right, it doesn't make sense -- I don't believe in sudden leaps in evolution. Overnight? From sub-human animals...to human intelligence?

ANNA
Whatever it is, it makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

ALAN
Oh, yes. Shamans have left their mark around here...This is Sacred Ground.

FAÇADE

The scientist works for a moment, tapping carefully, then, suddenly -- the face of the carved wall cascades. Choking dust obscures the lights.

ROOFS

An ominous crack streaks up across the roof of the cavern. Dust sifts down. The sound of a deep groaning rumble stirs overhead. The native bearers react in fear, sheilding the lights.

FAÇADE

Anna holds the child as she and Alan stare. The wall in front of them is now cracked into spiderweb fissures. A faint blue light gleams from within.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ANNA
There's a light in there!

ALAN
Cut the lamps! K'nogo aum shiketu unmala!

The natives snap off the lanterns.

FAÇADE

In pitch dark, the wall is a spiderweb of flowing blue fissures. Alan's voice is controlled.

ALAN
It's either phosphorescence...or a radioactive substance.

ANNA
The mountains are volcanic. Maybe it's a pitchblende core.

ALAN
(snaps orders)
Clear the rubble! T'Baunda tuua! Help me with this shale!

FAÇADE

A native snaps on a lamp, adding to the garish shadowplay. The others get to work removing rubble. The scientists supervise operations. Anna lets the little girl carry small rocks.

ANNA
You carry these...over to the tunnel....

The child assists.

FAÇADE

Alan peers in through the fissures. The blue light stripes his face, now covered with dust and sweat. He sees something inexplicable.

ALAN
There's something in there....

ANNA
What?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALAN
Sealed in...like a cyst. It has edges...like a cube or a polygon....

ANNA
A rock formation? Crystal?

ALAN
It's too big...and it...changes.

He takes a crow-bar and works feverishly.

FAÇADE

Suddenly the façade collapses once more. The slippage is heavier. Rocks fall. A section above collapses. The fall is accompanied by a grinding roar.

ROOF

The crack in the cavern roof splits open and releases tons of earth. Billowing dust casts silhouettes -- blue and white, unearthly.

CAVERN

Anna is struck by falling debris. Alan struggles to help her. He manages to drag her into the tunnel. He finds the child.

ALAN
Get the light! Over there! Bring it to me!

The child, wide-eyed, hurries.

CAVERN

Away from the tunnel entry, the child locates one of the lamps. As she starts to return, she stops, transfixed in fear.

TUNNEL CAVE-IN

The scientist, burdened by his injured wife is well inside the tunnel entry. The native bearers hurry to their aid. But just as the natives arrive, a severe collapse occurs. The entire side and half of the tunnel roof gives way, burying all beneath tons of earth.

ROOF

The roof of the tunnel smashes down, obliterating the remaining lights. A thunderous roar shakes the area as the passageway is buried. The tunnel is almost completely blocked. No one survives.

CAVERN

The inner cavern remains intact. The little girl stands frozen, lit by an eerie blue glow.

FAÇADE

The façade of paintings and carvings has given way. Her face lit by the blue light, the child stares. She is spellbound by what she sees.

STRANGE ARTIFACT

Encysted in a compact chamber carved in the rock wall, is an otherworldly device. The polished surface is a semi-transparent polygon. It resembles a glass case made of smoky, mirrorlike material. Inside, dimly visible is a strange convoluted structure. It emits a harsh, blue light, made bearable by the tinted glass. Moëbius strips, interwoven, twist and spin in multi-dimensional arcs. It looks like a model of an atom designed by Escher.

CAVERN

The blue glare condenses like wraiths of smoke. The child stands.

CLIFF AREA

In the deepening night, outside of the cave near the cliffs, a frightening apparition appears.

SHAMAN

Lit by the partially eclipsed moon, a native SHAMAN, wearing a hideous mask, climbs up to an outcropping and perches, waiting. The mask is truly sinister -- beyond carvings and clay. The mysterious soul of Africa is embodied in the fantastic sight. Like a Rousseau dream, the Shaman stands against the eclipsing moon. He moves in a weird ritual, building a small fire. As he works, he faces the cave entrance above him in the cliff.

MOON

The eclipse is waning. The moon is blood-red, a sheared crescent.

CAVERN

Alone in the cavern, the child, moves in a somnambulent state as she seeks a passageway. The tunnel is blocked except for a small opening in the rubble. The child, backlit by the blue light, comes forward. Her head casts a shadow like a cowl.

OUTSIDE CLIFFS

In the changing darkness, illuminated by the flickering fire, the Shaman waits, listening. As the eclipse lifts, he removes his mask to reveal a weathered face with deep-set eyes. Like Obi-Wan-Kenobie, he is an imposing old warrior, mysterious and wise.

TUNNEL

The little girl picks her way through the tunnel debris, moving as though in a trance. In total darkness, she gives off a dim, phosphorescent glow. The effect is eerie -- a ghost child moving through the darkness of the tunnel.

CLIFF

The Shaman reacts as he sees the child emerge out of the rocky cleft. He rises and climbs to her. In the clear moonlight, the phosphorescence dims. The Shaman seems to expect to see the child. He leads her to the ritual fire.

FIRE

The Shaman spreads a cloak for the child to rest upon. His voice is deep and solemn as he speaks in careful English. The little girl weeps softly.

SHAMAN
Be still, child. Warm yourself at the fire I have made for you. I have waited many years for this prophecy to be fulfilled.

He produces a carved slate. The writing looks like cuneiform.

CONTINUED

SHAMAN
The planets are aligned. The Dog Star rises at the Moon's eclipse. Forces deep inside the earth gather like mighty rivers to meet here at this sacred place.

He gives the child a cup of broth from a small cauldron on the fire.

SHAMAN
Listen closely, child. These instructions come from the invisible companion...
(he points upwards)
...circling the Dog Star. These writings are older than time...yet they were written for you....

He reads, pointing at the odd lettering. The child, eyes full of tears, does her best to understand. The Shaman recites as he moves in ritual.

SHAMAN
Thousands upon millions of years ago, the planets came together as they did tonight and at that moment, inside of the Mountains of the Moon, life first appeared on earth. Here, at this sacred place! Here, in the heart of Africa, life was born!
(he becomes mysterious)
Then thousands upon millions of years passed by and once again, the planets rolled into this same pattern in the sky -- and here, again, inside of the mountain, creatures less than human became intelligent!

The little girl responds, dimly remembering her father's words.

SHAMAN
Here at this sacred place! Here in the heart of Africa, Humanity was born!
(he leans toward the child, intense)
And now, according to the prophecy, the next step in the long journey is at hand --
(shows her the words)
Look, child! This is surely you!
(reads)
-- for out of the mountian, a Golden Child will be born!

He reaches into his cloak-bag.

AMULETS

The Shaman displays arm and ankle bracelets fashioned out of glowing metal.

CLIFF

The Shaman instructs the child. Numb with grief, she tries to understand.

SHAMAN
These are sacred amulets...mentioned in the ancient prophecy. See how they glow? They were made out of materials found inside the mountain...
(he looks upward)
Soon the eclipse will be over and the glow will fade...But they are matched to the chosen person!
(he rises above the child, awesome)
You are the One! Someday, you will wear these amulets! Until then, you will be brought up here, in the surrounding jungle, away from 'civilization!' You will be taught according to Secret Rites to become Protectress of this Region!
(he proclaims to the stars)
Your name will be 'Sheena, Queen of the Jungle!'

CRESCENDO

SHEENA (TIME LEAP MONTAGE)

The music bursts, soaring, as brilliant daylight reveals a blonde Goddess wearing the arm and ankle bands. Sheena, now a glorious young woman, is running with a herd of springbok. Hair backlit, streaming in the wind, she runs swiftly as the antelope. She outstrips them.

SHEENA (PROCESS MONTAGE)

Running in slow-motion reveals the sinuous grace of the super-athlete. Sheena races a pair of spotted Cheetahs. The long-legged beasts barely keep up with her. Sheena slows down.

SHEENA (MONTAGE LIONS)

The stunning Queen of the Jungle slows down to stroll languidly through a pride of lions. She arches her back, stretching, indolent and feline as they. She stops to play with the lion cubs for a moment.

SHEENA (ANIMALS)

Sheena rides a zebra. She resembles a classic painting as she bestrides the striped beast.

SHEENA (ANIMALS)

Sheena confronts a rhino, glaring. It twitches its ears and snorts. Sheena tosses her mane of golden hair and laughs.

SHEENA (ATHLETIC PROWESS)

Sheena swings on vines through the jungle. Again, slow-motion arrests the sinewy grace of the jungle Queen.

SHEENA (HIGH DIVES)

Swinging from a vine out over a crystal lake, Sheena executes a perfect layout-twist as she dives into the water.

SHEENA (CROCODILE)

Sheena performs a sinuous underwater ballet. As she does so, a massive crocodile launches its scaly bulk into the water. Sheena swims circles around the ponderous beast making its attack part of her underwater ballet. The montage, underscored by brilliant music, accumulates in these stunning displays of the heightened senses, powers and prowess of a Super Hero.

END MONTAGE

JUNGLE

As the montage ends, Sheena stops abruptly, listening. She feels the trembling of leaves and vine tendrils. The jungle suddenly becomes hushed. Below the threshold of hearing, a low rumble gathers. Then, suddenly, a low flying warjet slams across the matted treetops.

WARJET

The blasting engine leaves a turbulent wake. Treetops flatten and toss like a tornado.

COCKPIT

The PILOT wears a fighter-wing helmet with combat insignia. He is of the new breed of African blacks -- a product of flight school; crisp, efficient, all-military. The delta-wing is on a photo-recon mission.

JUNGLE CLEARING

On the ground, at the edge of a clearing, Sheena's fierce eyes search the tree-tops -- then, suddenly, the jet booms into view. Sheena defiantly stands her ground as the plane blasts overhead.

COCKPIT

The pilot reacts to the sight of the half-naked woman with golden hair. He wrenches the controls.

WARJET

The fighter-jet soars, rolling over for another pass.

RECON CAMERA (POV)

From the wingload cameras POV, frames roll and freeze in a sequence of clicks and blurs. The film is calibrated with grid-marks.

FRAME

The blur resolves into the defiant image of Sheena.

FREEZE FRAME

KIFRI CITY

The African metropolis is an intriguing mix of European and African life-modes. Traffic is thick and is composed of Mercedes, Toyotas, American Jeeps, ricketty busses and racketty trucks -- not to mention bicycles, ox-carts and pushcarts. The population is largely black with scatterings of Europeans and Asians. Biafran robes contrast with business suits and ragged short pants. Tough-looking soldiers are everywhere.

BILLBOARDS AND PLACARDS

Everywhere -- literally -- on busses, walls, doors, windows, and on immense government billboards, the picture of Kifri's new Premiere is in evidence.

GENERAL IRU

In the tradition of Idi Amin, mixed with Iranian tyrant, General Iru is a powerful, heavy-set, military dictator who is at once amiable and threatening. The volatile, emotional mix of the Premiere is evident in the powder-keg quality of the regime.

PHOTO-JOURNALIST

ROSS KILLIAN snaps photos of the billboards as he wends his way through the congested streets toward the Kifri Hotel. Killian's handsome face is tan and his hair is sandy brown with sunstreaks. As a freelance photo-journalist, he has been covering the takeover of the Kifri government by General Iru's junta. The African Metropolis is established by follow-shots of Killian as he encounters the passing scene. He dodges Mercedes, ox-carts...and admires the women.

KIFRI HOTEL

Killian arrives at the Kifri Hotel. The hotel captures the quintessence of modern Equatorial Africa. Ultra-modern architecture, sleek lounges, Gucci Boutiques, souvenir shops, currency exchanges -- the hotel has the feeling of international intrigue. European businessmen, tourists and Airlines personnel mingle with African transients who wear everything from Bond Street suits to flowing Kaftans.

LOBBY

Native Army Guards circulate in clusters wearing Castro-green fatigue uniforms with the latest Iron Curtain firearms slung over their shoulders. Outside, in the street, the Kifri Police are visible directing traffic with elegant gestures. They wear crisp khakis with white helmets and gloves in the style of British Colonial Troops.

LOBBY

Killian prudently makes way for a group of General Iru's personal Gestapo, the dreaded Simbi Corps. They wear combat uniforms not unlike the Green Berets. They are black, white, Iranian -- no particular race -- the mercenaries of Africa. A crowd in the lobby watches a soccer game on TV.

HOTEL BAR

Killian enters the dark bar which is like a scene from "Casablanca." He orders a Bianco and lemon and re-loads his Olympia. Lean and powerful, he is an adventurer from the word go -- bleached bush jacket, krall pants and desert boots, Killian is impressive as hell. He sips his drink as he notes a squad of hard-eyed Security Police spotchecking papers. They arrive at Killian. The SECURITY CAPTAIN is imperious.

CAPTAIN
Passport?

Killian fishes it out and lays it in front of him.

CAPTAIN
Open it.

Killian complies. The Security Captain checks it.

CAPTAIN
Your visa has expired.

KILLIAN
Today. I'm leaving tonight.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CAPTAIN
Your plane ticket?

KILLIAN
I don't have it on me...it's up in my room.

CAPTAIN
Come with me.

KILLIAN
Honest.

CAPTAIN
Let's go.

KILLIAN
(measured)
I suggest you look at my profession. 'Photo-journalist.'

CAPTAIN
Do as you're told.

KILLIAN
I was invited to take pictures of your new government. You want to make a good impression on the world newsmedia? Right?

He snaps the Captain's picture. The guards don't know whether to laugh, pose or bristle.

CAPTAIN
Hand it over.

He grabs the camera.

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CONTINUED

KILLIAN
(warning)
I wouldn't do that, Captain. I'm a guest of General Iru.
(the Captain hesitates)
Look who signed my passport, personally ...as a souvenir.

Fear flickers in the officer's eyes as he sees Iru's signature on Killian's passport. He hands the passport and the camera back. His hand trembles.

CAPTAIN
My apology, Mister Killian....

KILLIAN
You were only doing your duty... Just go do it to someone else.

The Captain salutes uneasily and goes. Killian sips his Bianco as he watches the departing squad.

KIFRI BAR

A sallow man with straw-colored hair has been watching from the bar. His name is DUTCH VREELAND. He glances around furtively and eases over to join Killian...uninvited. Vreeland has the look of someone in trouble.

DUTCH
Hey, Killian, you sure shook up the heat. Any man can make them tarantulas back off deserves a drink.

KILLIAN
No thanks, Dutch. One drink leads to another.

DUTCH
You still upset over a couple of rolls of film? Hell, I processed over forty sheets of contacts for you -- General Iru inspecting his palace, inspecting his bodyguards, inspecting his wives ---

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KILLIAN
I'm leaving tonight.

DUTCH
I heard His Magnificence is using one of your head-shots for his official state portrait. Postage stamps... coinage...
(desperate)
I've got to talk to you, Killian.

KILLIAN
Here.
(he shoves a bill at Dutch)
Go buy yourself some juice.

DUTCH
(confides, urgently)
Don't insult me, Killian. I'm not hitting on you for a drink. I got something hot...
(furtive)
But I can't lay it out in a public saloon...with security squads peeking over my shoulder.

KILLIAN
(patient)
Dutch, watch my lips. 'I'm not interested.' I've got an assignment to cover the Afghan resistance for Paris Match. I'm leaving Kifri tonight.

DUTCH
(furtive)
Okay, I'll tell you this much.
(confides)
I'm up there developing stuff in the photo lab...classified prints...for the government.
(leans close)
I damn near fell in the soup. I'm telling you, I come across some red hot human interest.
(whispers)
There's this woman....

KILLIAN
Forget it, Dutch ---

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CONTINUED

DUTCH
Listen to me! A sexy blonde woman! To hell-and-gone out in the jungle, alone! Dressed in lion-skin hotpants!

KILLIAN
You know you're whacko?

DUTCH
I'm telling you! A goddam female Tarzan!
(leans back)
How does that grab you?

KILLIAN
It's tabloid stuff -- page six at the supermarket checkstand.

DUTCH
What's wrong with that? You can't beat forty million circulation ---

KILLIAN
There's only one story in Central Africa and that's General Iru --- Will he save Kifri or stomp all over it?

DUTCH
You asking me? He'd stomp his momma.

KILLIAN
The jury's not in...and that's the story. Not some righteous ding dressed up in a Mowgli outfit.
(grins at Dutch)
How much did you pay her?

DUTCH
You're cold, Killian...
(he sees the Security Guards returning)
...and you're wrong.
(the guards eye Dutch; he speaks affably as he eases away)
Have a nice flight...
(wry)
Next time it's my turn.

He goes.

BAR

Killian sits drinking as the Guards approach. This time they are led by a higher ranking officer. His uniform is different. He belongs to the Simbi Elite.

MAJOR CROWLEY

In contrast to the racial mix of troops, MAJOR GORDON CROWLEY is Euro-African with pale eyes -- almost Albino. A rigid military type, he is an exotic version of G. Gordon Liddy.

KILLIAN'S TABLE

Major Crowley confronts Killian. His eyes are intent as he renders a curt salute.

CROWLEY
Mr. Killian, I am the Security Commander ---

KILLIAN
Major Gordon Crowley, Simbi Battalion.

CROWLEY
(smiles; flattered)
Thank you, sir.

KILLIAN
I took your picture with General Iru at the automatic weapons range.

CROWLEY
Thank you for remembering. I came to apologize on behalf of General Iru. Our Internal Affairs reported the insolent treatment you received at the hands of our Security Police.

KILLIAN
Internal Affairs doesn't miss much....

CROWLEY
The eyes and ears of General Iru. He wants you to know that the officer responsible has been relieved of duty. The General insists upon the utmost politeness to guests of the government...and hopes you might remember that when you publish your story.

KILLIAN
How could I forget?

CROWLEY
Thank you, sir.

He salutes and starts to go.

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
Oh, Major...?

CROWLEY
(stops)
Sir?

KILLIAN
Does the General want me to say 'relieved of duty...and shot?'

CROWLEY
(careful)
I wouldn't say that, sir...Not for a minor offense.

KILLIAN
Just checking.

Crowley shoots him a glance, salutes curtly and goes. Killian swallows his drink, leaves Kifri money in the glass and goes out of the bar.

HOTEL CORRIDOR

Killian comes out of the elevator and makes his way to his room, #209. He lets himself in with a key.

HOTEL ROOM #209

Killian switches on the radio and starts to pack his gear into canvas Ghurka luggage. The music on the radio is an interesting mix of African and R & B.

HOTEL ROOM

Killian gathers shaving equipment, packs it, then goes to a closet. He throws open the louvered doors.

SHOCK CUT

CLOSET

Killian faces a gun held in the hand of Dutch Vreeland. Dutch's eyes reveal his desparation. He is extremely tense. His voice is low and controlled.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DUTCH
Hold still, Killian. Don't make me mess up the place. You know I'd never force a man to hear me out if it wasn't a case of life and death.
(he motions Killian back)
Back up. I don't care to stand here in the goddam clothes closet.
(nervous)
Now don't jump me, Killian, for God's sake. Not with a .45 aimed at your pulmonary artery. I'm nervous enough to jerk the trigger and ruin all this expensive wallpaper.
(licks his lips)
You got a wet-bar on the premises?

KILLIAN
(indicates the bar)
Over there.

DUTCH
I believe that's Glenfiddich? Pour us a couple of fingers.

Killian gets the bottle and pours.

DUTCH
Make is a span.
(Killian fills a glass and offers it)
Lay it on the table. Sit down. Facing the other way. I don't like the look in your eye....I prefer the back of your neck.
(Killian straddles the chair; Dutch reaches for the glass carefully and sips)
Yessir...Glenfiddich.

KILLIAN
Get down to it, Dutch. I've got to catch a plane.

DUTCH
I'm in charge, Killian. I'll get down to it...
(sips)
...when I'm damn good and ready. You probably figured out by now...I'm in a tight cash position.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
It's in my wallet. On the bureau.

Dutch gets it.

DUTCH
But I didn't come here to rob you. I prefer to call it a 'Forced Sale.'

KILLIAN
Sell all you want but I'm not buying.

DUTCH
You will...You will...
(sips; speaks deliberately)
One of General Iru's radar planes, purchased from Boeing, Seattle, was practicing long-range overflights out near some dead volcanoes they call the 'Mountains of the Moon.' The radar sweep picked up a big burst of radio-activity up past the Olduvai Gorge.
(sips, savoring)
...'Radio-activity'...Does that grab you by the geiger counter?

KILLIAN
Uranium?

DUTCH
Too intense. Whatever it was...it grabbed General Iru by the Military Capability so he ordered a delta-wing fighter-jet, purchased from Lockheed, Los Angeles, to initiate a series of photo reconnaissance sweeps of the area. The film was processed in the only photo lab in town.

KILLIAN
How many rolls did you lose?

DUTCH
Didn't your daddy tell you never to crack jokes with a gun in your kidneys?

KILLIAN
I'm listening.

DUTCH
I knew you would. Now, I want you to take a look. Keep facing away from me. Raise up your right hand.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He extracts an envelope and takes out photos. He places a picture in Killian's raised hand.

DUTCH
Take a look.

Killian looks at the print.

INSERT

The shot is a recon-freeze of the cliff area. Grid-lines and calibrations give it a military quality.

KILLIAN (v.o.)
All I see is cliffs.

HOTEL ROOM

Dutch keeps Killian covered as he passes the photos. INTERCUT as needed.

DUTCH
That's the approach to the radioactive hot-spot. This next is the mountain marked with an X to pin-point the deposit of fissionable material. Hear me? 'Fissionable.'

KILLIAN
(examines the photos)
If Iru gets into the nuclear club he'll control Central Africa. Does he know what he's got here?

DUTCH
If you look on the back you'll see the words 'TOP SECRET.' The General stamped it on, personally.

KILLIAN
Okay, Dutch, you sold me.

DUTCH
Not yet. Here comes the piece of resistance.
(he takes a jeweller's eyepiece out of his pocket)
Can I trust you to take this jeweller's loupe without grabbing my arm and flipping me out the window?

Killian takes it. Dutch hands him two more recon-prints.

INSERT

The first photo is an aerial shot of a clearing in the jungle in which a sole figure is visible. Dutch confides, voice over.

DUTCH (v.o.)
That's the barrier jungle... surrounding the Mountains of the Moon. You look in the corner of that clearing...you'll see a human figure. I pulled an enlargement... grainy but sharp enough to make out.

HOTEL ROOM

Instead of looking, Killian seizes the moment to grab the gun and wrench it out of Dutch's hand. He holds Dutch in a power lock. Dutch whines.

DUTCH
Dammit, Killian, why can't you do as you're told?

KILLIAN
I don't like a gun in my ear.

DUTCH
Will you look at the damn picture, for Christ sake? I'm trying to do you a favor...and you pull my arm out of the socket.
(whines)
Come on, Killian, it won't hurt you to look...I put myself to a load of trouble ...Nothing ever goes my way any more....

KILLIAN
Okay...Shut up.

He uses the jeweller's eyepiece, still holding Dutch in an arm-lock. He uses Dutch's back as a table.

INSERT

The enlargement is grainy but clear. A human figure is plainly visible; a woman with flowing blonde hair. She looks up in defiance. Even in the odd angle, she is magnificent.

KILLIAN (v.o.)
Damn!

HOTEL ROOM

Killian releases Dutch. He stares at the picture while Dutch rubs his arm.

DUTCH
Ain't that a kick in the bomba? Alone? In the deep interior?

KILLIAN
Who the hell is she?

DUTCH
Search me. Not even the Wasende tribe goes in that far.

KILLIAN
It doesn't make sense!

DUTCH
But it's a hell of a story! Worth every cent? Right?

Killian grabs his wallet out of Dutch's pocket.

KILLIAN
Let's say it's worth...
(he puts down a couple of bills)
...enough to settle your bar bill.

He takes the prints.

DUTCH
Hold on! You can't take those!

KILLIAN
You said they're for sale.

DUTCH
Only the woman. They search you and find classified on you, you're dead! I made dupes of her but the hotspot goes back in the batch!

Killian ignores him.

KILLIAN
You've got the negatives. I'm late for my plane. Take it or leave it.

He holds the money and the bottle in front of Dutch.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DUTCH
I can account for losing one...over-exposure, acid wash -- I'll sell you the woman plus one.

Killian flicks him the print of the cliffs and pockets the rest. Dutch pours a stiff drink while Killian grabs his gear and tosses Dutch the gun. Dutch aims it at Killian.

DUTCH
...on second thoughts ---

Killian holds up the clip.

KILLIAN
If I had time, I'd make you eat these.

He tosses the bullets.

DUTCH
...Nothing goes right....

Killian exits.

KIFRI AIRPORT

Killian arrives at the crowded terminal and presses through the colorful throng to the gate. He is checked by the ever-present Security guards.

RUNWAY

Killian crosses the concrete to the waiting 727. It bears exotic markings. He is about to start up the gangway to board when a security jeep comes roaring along the runway and skids to a stop. Simbi guards block the gangway. Killian is singled out of the line of passengers. The others board. The hatches close and the jet taxis away for takeoff, leaving Killian fuming. He faces his captors, furious. Confronting him is Major Gordon Crowley.

KILLIAN
You bet your shoulder pips, I have clearance! All the way up!

CONTINUED

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CROWLEY
(polite)
I am well aware of your V.I.P. status, Mr. Killian. But there has been an unfortunate occurence in the Kifri Hotel...Room 209. That was your room, sir?

Killian frowns. He climbs into the jeep.

CORRIDOR (ROOM 209)

Crowley, Killian and the Simbi guards arrive at #209. A guard on duty admits them with a smart automatic-weapon salute. They enter.

ROOM 209

Major Crowley and the Simbi guards stand aside as Killian reacts to the shocking scene. A grotesque angle through the shattered base of the liquor bottle, still clutched in his dead hand, reveals Dutch Vreeland, bloodstained face pressed on the table. Streaks of blood are strewn all over the classified reconnaissance photograph. The pistol is clutched in Dutch's other hand. Killian's voice is controlled.

KILLIAN
I know him. His name is Dutch Vreeland.

CROWLEY
You were seen talking to him in the bar.

KILLIAN
He works in the government film lab. He developed my photo-layout of General Iru.

CROWLEY
We know, Mr. Killian. But this aerial reconnaissance photograph....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He holds it up, bloodstreaked.

CROWLEY
What do you know about this?

He shows the stamp "Top Secret."

KILLIAN
Nothing. All I know is that the gun in his hand is a .45. He was killed by a .38...
(pointed)
Do all Simbi officers carry .38 sidearms?

CROWLEY
(with a cold-eyed stare)
I'm sorry, Mr. Killian, classified material makes it necessary for us to bring this to the attention of General Iru.

KILLIAN
Good. I'd like to catch the next flight.

Crowley regards him for a moment, then ushers him out. The Simbi guards follow.

PALACE

The Kifri Palace is a modern edifice appropriate to an emerging Equatorial State. Sentries are posted at the approaches. The Kifri flag melts in the scorching sun. Several native women in turbans carrying red sun-umbrellas add a note of color. The jeep pulls up at the main entrance.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

General Iru's office is an odd mix of Presidential and Hilton with touches of Africa. Trophy heads and zebra shields offset sedate portraits and crests. GENERAL IRU wears a field khaki uniform with applique service ribbons surmounted by RAF pilot's wings. He is suitably "democratic" and is obviously the Dictator. His face is round with strong teeth and cunning eyes. He is affable, almost jovial -- with a deadly undercurrent. The atmosphere in the Palace is one of smooth efficiency and yet there is a sense of dread. He greets Killian. He admires anyone who can enhance his image.

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IRU
Killian! Come in! Get him something from the refrigerator -- Spa Citron, Pepsi Cola, no! -- Kifri Beer! That's what he drinks like the rest of us!

Servants scurry.

KILLIAN
General...I missed my plane ---

IRU
Of course you did! Some inconsiderate son-of-a-warthog got himself killed in your hotel room!

KILLIAN
Major Crowley seems to think I had something to do with it.

IRU
Oh, no, no, no. Major Crowley knows you're a friend of mine. A world-famous journalist who knows how to photograph military personnel. The one with the hat is a knockout, Killian!
(to Crowley)
Tell him, Major...the official version. 'The hotel is full of thieves'...

CROWLEY
(recites)
'...and someone broke in to rob you... and killed Mr. Vreeland.'

KILLIAN
With a government issue .38.

IRU
Stolen goods. Thieves everywhere. Cut off their hands!
(he grins like a crocodile)
Of course, you're innocent. There is no connection.
(the drinks arrive)
Kifri Beer!
(he hands out the glasses)
To my good friend and great journalist!

They drink.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
Then I can catch the next plane?

IRU
Why are you in such a hurry to go? Don't you like Kifri? Too hot? You don't like the women? Of course, you do! That's why you're going to change your plans and stay as my guest.

KILLIAN
I'm sorry General, I'm committed ---

IRU
Let me finish before you say no! Jesus, you Americans could use a course in good manners. I am extending a state invitation for you to accompany me on a special, top-secret mission. Aha? Does that intrigue you?

KILLIAN
Top secret?

IRU
Hush-hush...like the official stamp on the back of classified photographs.
(he closes one eye)
I am taking a military expedition, under my personal command, into the deep interior. My reconnaissance planes have located a radioactive site -- radioactive, Killian!

KILLIAN
...What do you need me for?

IRU
To make a record of my historic discovery. Take pictures. Publish an account of Kifri's emergence as a nation to be reckoned with. What's the matter, Killian? You don't seem too surprised at our debut as a World Power?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
(flat)
Okay. I'm astounded.

IRU
Then you accept the 'invitation?'

KILLIAN
I don't have a wide range of options, do I?

IRU
You accept with pleasure...or....

KILLIAN
Pain.

IRU
(laughs)
What's the difference? The expedition leaves tomorrow at dawn.

He toasts. Killian has no choice but to go along...and he is not all that fond of Kifri Beer which is made of fermented asses' milk.

JUNGLE CLEARING (WILD ORCHIDS)

The jungle is hushed. The light is filtered conveying a mysterious atmosphere. The scene is made unique and stunning by livid slashes of color from cascades of wild orchids -- a veritable "hanging garden." In the center of the clearing, the Shaman, now older with strange colors painted across his face, stands on one leg, holding the other. His head is bent, eyes closed, listening. Suddenly he throws his head back and gives an eerie cry.

CONTINUED

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SHAMAN
Sheeena!

The brooding jungle echoes. Like a harmonic ripple, a soft arpeggio of bird and animal calls carry the syllables.

VINES

Suddenly, magnificent, bursting through the matted foliage at treetop level, the golden haired woman appears. She swings on a trellis-vine in a breathtaking arc. She literally falls to the next level, swinging like an aerialist, her perfect physique in total control. She resembles an Olympics gymnast on the high bars as she ends her journey, arriving with the composure and ease of an accomplished athlete. The Shaman greets her with a respectful bow.

SHAMAN
Sheena.

SHEENA
I called you in my thoughts, Shaman.

SHAMAN
What do you want of me?

SHEENA
I have seen fire-tails in the sky and heard their thunder in the distance.

SHAMAN
I've told you Sheena, 'airplanes,' carrying people...cargo. They are part of civilization and no concern of yours.

SHEENA
One of them came down low across the jungle. It shook the treetops.
(she confides)
Shaman M'Bala...it looked at me.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The Shaman is worried. His demeanor becomes grave. He removes a leather sack slung around his shoulder.

JUNGLE CLEARING

The Shaman empties the contents on the mossy ground -- a strew of animal teeth, gleaming white; curved tusks, incisors, molars, serrated and carved. He lights the moss which crawls with sparks. Muttering a weird ritual, he rolls his eyes back in his head, passing his hands "reading." Sheena, apparently familiar with the ritual, assists. She takes off one of her armbands and holds it close to the Shaman's throat. His voice takes on a strange quality.

SHAMAN
Yes...they have seen you. The prophecy tells of a time when strangers from a far land will come searching for the Sacred Place.

SHEENA
What do they want?

SHAMAN
(touches the amulet armband)
What this is made of...Buried in the heart of the mountain.

SHEENA
Why do they want it, Shaman M'Bala?

SHAMAN
They know it possesses powers. But they are ignorant of its meaning. They want it for evil purposes. Destruction.

SHEENA
What do they want to destroy?

SHAMAN
Everything...The jungle, the lands beyond....

SHEENA
The animals...?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHAMAN
Animals, people, they will kill every living thing.

SHEENA
Do you see this happening?

SHAMAN
I see a great firestorm. Big enough to burn up the world -- unless you stop them, Sheena. You are Queen of the Jungle. You were chosen as Protectress of all this. It is your destiny to protect the Secret.

SHEENA
You have taught me, Shaman M'Bala. The animals have taught me...The jungle has taught me. I know what to do. I am ready.

SHAMAN
(gathers his things)
Good. I will go to the Wasende Village and wait. If anyone appears, I will warn you.

SHEENA
I will be listening with my thoughts. Before you go, Shaman M'Bala...may I listen to the box of sounds?

SHAMAN
(smiles)
The words of civilization are forbidden to you....

SHEENA
Please? The dancing sounds?

SHAMAN
Only the sounds....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The Shaman takes out a small portable Panasonic and clicks it on. He searches the dial...static, morse...he hurries past the words of an announcer and finds some Afro-European Rock R&B.

RADIO

Sheena listens, spellbound. She sways to the music. She claps her hands and moves like a Watusi Warrior. The effect is fun and far out -- a stunning blonde Goddess dancing with authentic African moves to a tiny radio out in the deeps of the barrier jungle. The music ends. The Shaman clicks the radio off.

SHEENA
You always bring beautiful magic,
Shaman M'Bala. Thank you.

SHAMAN
Some day I will teach you...
(he bows)
'Your Majesty.'

Sheena nods and pulls herself up into the crisscross of vines. She launches into the air, vanishing in the filtered gloom. The Shaman watches, murmuring.

SHAMAN
...Beautiful magic, Sheena.

He turns away and goes.

MILITARY EXPEDITION (DAWN)

Dawn streaks the sky. The armored vehicles are cast into sharp silhouette. The design of the "Jungle Cat" gun-carriers is the latest in experimental military hardware. The Simbi Elite Unit is lined up in combat gear -- crack expeditionary-force troops. The multi-racial troops wear red berets and trim backpacks with K-6 breakaway "grease guns."

MILITARY EXPEDITION

Killian takes photos with a highspeed motor driven camera while General Iru inspects the expedition accompanied by Major Crowley and a distinguished black Oxford Graduate, DR. STRATTON. Stratton is an eco-biologist who specializes in obscure African dialects. General Iru is fierce as he inspects his troopers. He turns to Killian.

IRU
That's enough from that angle, Killian.
(taps his cheek)
Go with the good side.

KILLIAN
You look like General Patton.

IRU
Flattery is mother's milk, Killian. Ride with me on the point.
(hammers an armored carrier)
How do you like these Kalishnikov gun-carriers? They're called 'Jungle Cats.' Kifri is becoming a proving ground for experimental weapons.

KILLIAN
Why all the firepower?

IRU
Why not?

KILLIAN
It's your country.

IRU
Africa is Africa. We are going into the deep interior.
(he spreads a map)
The only mark on the map is the Wasende Village...on the edge of the Djugu barrier. From there on all we have is air reconnaissance photos... thousands of miles of matted jungle. Who knows what's under it?

CONTINUED

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KILLIAN
(checks the map)
What's this in the center?

IRU
The Mountains of the Moon.

KILLIAN
'X?'

IRU
Our destination. The radioactive core.
(he calls Crowley)
Major! Bring the Geiger Compass. I want Killian to get a photograph before we go!

Major Crowley brings a gimbal mounted device.

GEIGER COMPASS

The device resembles a yacht box-compass with a two-inch oscilloscope screen which traces a glowing readout pulse -- like a cardiac monitor.

IRU (v.o.)
It tracks radioactivity. Set it for low intensity. Does your watch have luminous numbers? Doctor Stratton? Good. Hold it close....

As the wristwatch comes near and then recedes, the pulse sputters and dies away. The scope speeds up and falls.

MILITARY EXPEDITION

Iru poses as Killian snaps the picture. Iru then remembers to introduce Dr. Stratton.

IRU
Oh, yes, for your caption. This is Doctor Stratton, we studied together at Cambridge. He is an expert in eco-biology -- which is a great waste of his time and talents -- because he is a gifted linguist and can speak Swahili, Urdu, Bantu, Shilluk -- and most of the Kifri vernacular dialects.

Stratton shakes hands.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STRATTON
I enjoyed your work in Paris Match, Oggi, Europa....

KILLIAN
This is one story they'll beg for.

IRU
(grins)
Exactly.
(taps his "good side" cheek)
Remember. When I give the order to move out. Like Patton.

Killian climbs to a vantage position as Iru gets into a "Jungle Cat" gun-carrier.

GUN-CARRIER

Iru poses like Patton as he issues commands. The Simbi Elite Unit moves with precision.

IRU
Commanders! Prepare to move out!
(the order echoes down the line)
Hyo!

The troopers swing aboard the Jungle Cats. Foot soldiers get into position, flanking. Killian snaps pictures moving with the military cadence.

IRU
(bellows)
Fire your engines!

The engines, Skoda copies of Pratt and Whitney's, explode into a roaring, grinding thunder like war tanks. Iru roars above it, close-presence.

IRU
Move!

The Jungle Cats roll. The peel off into a line is impressive. The flank-soldiers run. The departure has all of the power and excitement of a tank column going to war.

VELDT

The military expedition cuts across the Kifri Game Reserve where the vast herds graze in the grasslands. Three "Jungle Cat" gun-carriers are flanked by foot soldiers who either trot or hang on as the experimental vehicles thunder at varying speeds across the terrain.

HERDS

As the roaring engines blast the eternal quiet, antelope herds bolt and scatter in fascinating stampedes. They resemble waves bursting.

IMPALA

The expedition halts for food. Native troopers set up a mess kitchen. From a gun-carrier, Killian and Dr. Stratton check the map. Beyond them, a herd of Impala graze.

KILLIAN
Sixty kilometers to the barrier jungle.

Stratton sees a pack of wild dogs.

STRATTON
Wild dogs...stalking the herd for a kill.

KILLIAN
They've found a straggler.

They watch the dogs single out an injured Impala.

WILD DOGS

The Impala limps and cannot keep up with the rest of the herd. The wild dogs close in.

EXPEDITION

Killian watches. He suddenly starts the engine of the gun-carrier. The sound startles the Simbi Elite Unit. General Iru and Major Crowley stop eating. They watch Killian start up and drive the gun-carrier across the yellow grass. Stratton is with him. Iru is furious.

IRU
What does that damned fool think he's doing? Who authorized him to drive that carrier?

CONTINUED

CROWLEY
Mr. Killian is a V.I.P.

IRU
Not in my vehicle!

He rises to his feet. The Simbi Elite stop eating.

FIELD

Killian drives the Jungle Cat in a swift curve. He bears down on the wild dogs, cutting them away from the injured Impala. He stops the engine. Killian unslings his camera.

STRATTON
Good save, Killian -- but you're wasting your energy. It's only a matter of time.

KILLIAN
At least he'll have a few more days --

He snaps some pictures. He is interrupted by the roaring approach of another gun-carrier.

GUN-CARRIER

Major Crowley drives. General Iru stands, holding the windshield. Crowley shuts down the engine. He observes cold-eyed.

IRU
Save your film, Killian. I don't want pictures of a crippled Impala.

KILLIAN
It's good human interest, General. 'Be kind to animals.'

IRU
Animals can take care of themselves. You are not authorized to waste petrol. These are military vehicles.

He climbs out.

KILLIAN
I didn't have time to file a requisition through channels. Those dogs were about to tear him apart.

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IRU
That is the Law of Nature, Killian. I must forbid you to interfere.

He offers cigarettes. Stratton takes one. Killian refuses.

KILLIAN
No thanks. You asked me here to take pictures, General.

IRU
Of the expedition. This is a wild game reserve, Killian. It is the destiny of the predators to kill. It is the destiny of the injured and the weak...to die.

KILLIAN
May I suggest that my saving the Impala is also destiny?

IRU
Then may I suggest that I am the ultimate destiny?

Killian sees the dogs closing in on the Impala. He pulls a gun out of the driver's seat holster and fires, scaring off the dogs.

KILLIAN
(in cool defiance)
...aren't we all?

General Iru is cold as ice as he draws his service pistol and deliberately shoots. The Impala falls. Killian is within an ace of going after Iru when Dr. Stratton eases him off.

STRATTON
(smooth)
The General is quite right. Only the fittest survive.
(whispers)
Let him win, for God's sake, Killian.

KILLIAN
(nods; turns to Iru)
It's your country, General. Your Impala...your dogs.

IRU
(pleasant with a cold undercurrent)
You may take my picture with my foot on its neck.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Iru climbs in the gun-carrier to drive it himself.

IRU
Climb aboard!
(to Major Crowley)
Pick up the kill and follow us back to the bivouac.

He fires the engine as Killian and Stratton hang on. He clashes the gears, shaking himself up as he drives away.

EXPEDITION (RUN-BY MONTAGE)

The expedition is seen from various angles, looming, kicking up dust, backlit, etc. A livid sunset throws the troopers into "African Carving" silhouettes. A night shot shows headlights and seal-beam searchlights piercing the tall grass. Everywhere, chatoyant eyes gleam in the gloom, reflecting the lights. Throughout, the engines blast and thunder, symbolic of the brutal might of the General's war-machine, powering over nature.

CAMPSITE

In abrupt contrast, at a quiet campfire, Killian and Stratton finish coffee. The Simbi Elite Unit rests at other fires drawn in a crescent. Stratton fills a pipe.

KILLIAN
Doctor Stratton, you're an expert on Kifri tribal lore....

STRATTON
Everyone's an expert...especially in verbal cultures where they chant their history.

KILLIAN
Did you ever run across a legend...about a Golden Goddess?

STRATTON
I believe you're refering to the Wasende people. Their Shamans have a tradition of prophecy about a female spirit with Golden Hair who supposedly rules over the Djugu barrier jungle.

CONTINUED

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KILLIAN
What if she isn't a spirit? What if she's real?

STRATTON
Are you suggesting a Mowgli Woman?

KILLIAN
You don't seem surprised.

STRATTON
Nothing in Africa surprises me. Especially the Wasende. They also have a tradition of astronomical knowledge that's impossible without telescopes. They've known hundreds of years that the Dog Star, Sirius, is a binary -- they've got prehistoric carvings showing it as a large star with a dwarf companion....

KILLIAN
How did they know?

STRATTON
Some ancient Wasende genius may have invented a crude telescope with a crude high-resolution camera capable of crude computer-enhanced image separation -- You tell me?
(grins)
Telepathy..? Ancient Astronauts..? Who knows?
(he puffs his pipe)
And who knows about the Goddess with the Golden Hair? There are substantial scientific records of Europeans brought up here in the wild. They're called 'feral children.'

KILLIAN
'...Lord Greystoke...'

STRATTON
Tarzan was fiction...but there have been authentic cases of Wolf Boys...clear back to Romulus and Remus.
(gazes at Killian)
'Real?' I say again, 'Who knows?'

Killian rises.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
(wry)
If I find out anything, I'll let you in on it.

STRATTON
(smiles)
...Please do.

Killian goes.

GENERAL IRU'S TENT

The command tent is pitched next to a gun-carrier. It is almost opulent. Mosquito netting falls in drapery over a cot and hand-loomed rugs cover the ground. General Iru and Major Crowley lounge in canvas chairs before the fire. They drink cognac from snifters. A SENTRY suddenly snaps to alert and barks a challenge. Iru and Crowley stiffen.

SENTRY
Halt!

KILLIAN
Killian.

IRU
For God's sake, Killian. Why are you prowling around in the dark of night, man? One of the sentries will blow your head off.

KILLIAN
I wanted to ask you for some background material...about the Wasende.

IRU
Oh, yes, the Wasende. They are a bunch of farmers...arch-conservatives...clinging to primitive tribal customs. We sent them a tractor and they let vines grow on it.

KILLIAN
Do you know anything about their legends?

IRU
(in his genial deadly mode)
About the Goddess with Golden Hair? 'Queen of the Jungle?' Oh, yes, I know all about her. For example, you have her picture in your pocket. Don't attempt to deny it, Killian, poor Vreeland sold you a copy. How much did he take you for?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
(careful)
Take me, General?

IRU
He picked your pocket.
(laughs)
...There is no such person. The picture is fake.

KILLIAN
The Wasende believe in her.

IRU
The Wasende are fools. Vreeland was a lab technician. The photograph was retouched to show some bathing beauty on parade.

KILLIAN
What about the Shaman?

IRU
(becomes angry)
I don't want to hear about witch doctors or magic or any of that stupid business! Sorcery is of no concern to a modern national leader! What matters is real power -- not superstitious nonsense -- political power!
(pronounces each syllable emphatically)
'Fiss-ion-able material!' 'Nuc-lear capa-bility!'
(intense)
If you don't mind, I don't want to hear any more about the 'Queen of the Jungle.' The jungle is under the jurisdiction of the Kifri Government...
(he taps his own chest)
...do I make myself clear?

KILLIAN
Sorry to bother you, General.

IRU
(dismisses him)
Goodnight.

KILLIAN
...Major.....

Crowley nods curtly as Killian goes.

WASENDE VILLAGE (APPROACH)

The expedition approaches the strange African village which borders on the jungle barrier. The swellings are adobe. Skinny young tribesmen tend cattle which resemble the Egyptian Goddess Hathor. Their horns are like lyres, their necks are crested, their eyes are like moonstones. They react to the roar of the military vehicles. Children run on ahead.

VILLAGE

The village is other-worldly. An air of mystery hangs over the silent dwellings. The architecture is peculiar -- similar to the Dogon tribe -- almost eerie. The contrast to the contemporary combat unit is profound. The Wasende greeting committee is bizarre and not a little awesome. They wear masks made of mud and ashes. Grey. Disturbing.

VILLAGE

General Iru and Major Crowley dismount and confront the tribal group. The Shaman, masked, comes forward. Killian and Doctor Stratton observe. Major Crowley speaks imperiously. Killian snaps pictures of the meeting.

CROWLEY
Come forward! You there! Do you know who this is?

SHAMAN
General Iru.

CROWLEY
Well then, if you know, come forward and pay your respects.

Iru decides to be paternal.

IRU
Don't be afraid. I am not the tax collector.
(he laughs)
But then the Wasende don't believe in paying tribute to the government.
(sobers)
What is your name? Come -- take off your mask. The greeting ceremony is over. Who are you?

SHAMAN
(removes the mask)
Obe M'Bala.

CONTINUED

IRU
(mocking)
Ah...the great Shaman. You are quite famous in the tribal communities. Well... let's see you conjure up some fresh water. Hah? Tell your people to fill the tanks on these gun-carriers -- and we will want supplies of meat, yaro and fresh fruit. Can you do that, Shaman?

SHAMAN
(faces him)
We will give you fresh water and all the food you need, General, but you will not be permitted to pass.

IRU
(eyes narrow)
...'Not permitted?'
(to Major Crowley)
Did you hear him say 'Not permitted?'

CROWLEY
(to the Shaman, hard)
You do not address the Commanding General, Premiere of Kifri in that manner ---

IRU
(brushes Crowley aside)
Tell your people to get to work.

SHAMAN
(stands his ground)
You are forbidden to go any further.

IRU
...You...forbid me?

SHAMAN
The Djugu barrier is sacred territory. The Wasende people are guardians of the borderlands...east and west.
(he points)
No one is allowed to pass.

Iru stares at him. He speaks in a low voice to Major Crowley. Killian records the scene.

IRU
Major?

Crowley signals the Simbi Elite.

EXPEDITION

The Simbi troopers unsling weapons. Magazines crackle as rounds are clicked in and safeties unlock. Heavy machine guns mounted on the Jungle Cats swing around to cover the Wasende tribe. Iru sees Killian covering the situation with his camera.

IRU
You can stop taking pictures, Killian. Put your camera away.

KILLIAN
Why don't you let Doctor Stratton talk to them -- ?

IRU
I am talking to them!

KILLIAN
(to the Shaman)
What difference does it make?
(to Stratton)
Ask them, Stratton, is it worth a bloodbath?

STRATTON
I'm sure we can work it out. The Wasende can come along as guides ---

IRU
Who asked you? I don't need 'negotiators.' The Shaman knows that power comes out of the end of a gun.

Killian raises his camera.

KILLIAN
You want the world to respect you, General.

IRU
(patient)
You don't seem to realize what you're doing. If I so much as nod to Major Crowley, you will be shot.

Killian becomes aware of Crowley standing behind him with a gun aimed at him.

IRU
I have asked you politely to put your camera away.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

With an abrupt motion he grabs the camera out of Killian's hands. He draws his pistol and blows it to shreds. Iru turns to his troopers.

IRU
Simbi! Do the same to anyone who stands in our way!

Major Crowley yells the order.

CROWLEY
Forward!

FIRE-FIGHT

The Wasende stand fast. The expedition rolls forward. Like a sequence out of "Apocalypse Now," Iru's troops open fire. The withering blast of gunfire scatters the Wasende tribe. Some of them hurl spears, only to die. The heavy machine guns rip up the adobe dwellings. Killian dives for cover, recording the carnage on film. He stops, appalled.

SHAMAN

Iru takes careful aim in the same way that he killed the Impala. He fires, bringing down the Shaman. The old man falls. With his dying breath, he gasps.

SHAMAN
...Sheena....

His eyes become rigid as a shudder goes through him. He is dead.

DISTANT JUNGLE

Far away in the jungle, Sheena stands alone with a huge lioness at her side. She seems to sense the death of her mentor.

SHEENA
(in grief)
Obe M'Bala....

The lioness sounds a deep ominous growl. Sheena's eyes fill with tears of fury. She throws her head back and utters a fierce cry. The sound spreads as creatures of the jungle respond. The jungle "goes on alert."

WASENDE VILLAGE

The gunfire is violent as Iru's troop's move forward. They take backpack tanks from the gun-carriers. A small unit puts on gas masks and advances through the terrorized village. Like flame-throwers, they spray toxic dust.

CANNISTER TANK

The tanks are olive-drab. They resemble Scuba gear. The stencil markings are vivid:

"DI-X: DEFOLIANT AGENT
-ORANGE-

VILLAGE

Fire and smoke swirls amid the clouds of orange toxic dust. Explosions shake the ground as the Simbi hurl grenades. The native population is terrorized.

MAJOR CROWLEY

Crowley orders a Simbi to wipe out a patch garden with agent orange. Doctor Stratton, risking his life, deflects the spray. Crowley shoves Stratton aside. But when the Doctor again attempts to interfere, Crowley turns the spray, point blank, on Stratton. The Doctor collapses, choking.

KILLIAN

Killian sees Stratton's agony. He steps in and attacks the Simbi guard trying to save his friend. He smashes into Crowley who sprawls. But within seconds Crowley's men seize Killian, overpowering him. Killian is forced to watch as Crowley, like the atrocities of Viet Nam, holds his gun to Stratton's head and executes him on the spot.

GENERAL IRU

From his command vehicle, Iru observes the atrocity.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He signals for Killian to be brought before him. Killian, badly beaten, is dragged over by the Simbi troopers. With the swirling devastation of the Wasende Village as background, General Iru issues his commands.

IRU
(venemous)
You have been a thorn in my foot, Killian.
(to Major Crowley)
Put him before a firing squad....

Crowley salutes. The Simbi troopers drag Killian away.

WALL RUINS

Killian is dragged to a broken wall. The stark scene resembles something out of Goya's etchings. The firing squad lines up. They shove rounds into their carbines. Killian is being propped up and bound when he suddenly wrenches loose.

ESCAPE

Killian makes a break for it. As he runs a gauntlet of gunfire, he seizes a cylinder of Agent Orange and hurls it into a fire. The cylinder explodes, sending a violent gusher of blinding defoliant high in the air. The concussion is powerful, blinding, giving Killian the chance to fight clear. He makes it to a gun-carrier. He climbs in and fires the engine.

CHASE

Killian slams through the gears, powering the Jungle Cat through the smoking swirl. Behind him, Major Crowley and Iru start up a second gun-carrier in pursuit. A third follows.

CHASE

The chase is deadly. Alone, Killian can only drive, while his pursuers are able to unleash whiplash sprays of bullets. Ricochets scream off of the armored target. Killian ducks, veering and flying as the Jungle Cat roars into the matted foliage of the Djugu barrier.

JUNGLE

The chase continues in the jungle until the tangle gets too tough to penetrate. Treads and tires mire in swampy ground.

CHASE

As Killian and his pursuers bog down, a streak of bullets chops into the foliage. Iru is at the machine-gun. The gun jams. Iru curses as he sees Killian abandon the vehicle and set out on foot. Again, sharp-shooting as he did with the Impala, General Iru lines up with his gun on the fleeing figure and fires. Killian is hit.

KILLIAN

The bullet slams Killian into a tree. He falls. The shoulder wound is not enough to keep him down. Reeling dizzily, he staggers on through the swamp ground. In the distance, the Simbi follow in pursuit.

SWAMP

Killian, half-conscious, barely eludes his pursuers -- only to find himself in even worse trouble. He sees huge crocodiles with yellow-crystal eyes slither into the jade slime. Killian tries to make his way across a moss-covered log. He slips and plunges into the crocodile infested waters.

CROCODILE

One of the scaly monsters, a fat dragon with jagged teeth, goes for the wounded man. The gaping jaws open. Death is certain as Killian loses consciousness.

FADE TO BLACK

TREETOP PLATFORM

Killian regains consciousness. A soft breeze is blowing. His first awareness is of swaying as though he were lying on the deck of a vessel riding a soft swell. He then becomes aware of a sea of tree tops surrounding him; the loftiest summit of the jungle giants. He is high on a platform made of branches interwoven with vines. Not a hut, the precarious, shifting weave of branches is more like the tree nest of an arboreal ape. Killian peers over the side. The leaves rustle in the breeze.

TREETOP HEIGHT

Straight down, the height is dizzying. Battered and bruised, Killian wonders if he is dead. He shakes his head.

TREETOP PLATFORM

As Killian tries to figure out how he has landed in the top of a tree, a figure suddenly appears. Killian thinks for a moment that he is hallucinating as the most stunning woman he has ever seen arrives out of nowhere. Gorgeous, powerful, with blonde hair and sunbronzed skin, she is a veritable lioness.

TREETOP PLATFORM

The magnificent apparation, Sheena, gives Killian some fruit. He stares at her as she prepares a healing mixture of herbs and leaves. Killian now becomes aware of a pair of khaki pants hanging from a twig. The britches are his. He covers himself modestly with fruit and then his hands as Sheena approaches with the medicinal herbs. She removes his hands. Killian resists.

SHEENA
You have teeth marks...in your leg... and your shoulder is wounded.

KILLIAN
...You speak English....

SHEENA
So do you.

KILLIAN
How did I get up here?

SHEENA
I carried you.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
You saved me...from the crocodile?

SHEENA
He wanted to eat you. I made him stop.

KILLIAN
You...made him...?

SHEENA
He is old and fat. I held his mouth shut and turned him over on his back.
(smiles)
He was very angry.

KILLIAN
I can see why.
(she comes toward him)
Can you...hand me my pants?

SHEENA
As soon as I put this on your leg.

KILLIAN
I'm okay.

SHEENA
It is made of grasses and leaves. It will heal you.

KILLIAN
I'm fine. Much better.

SHEENA
You are weak as a two-day-old cub.

KILLIAN
Up here...in my shoulder. But I'm fine everywhere else. I'd really appreciate my pants.

SHEENA
No.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

She is pleasant as she turns him over and applies the healing mixture to his lower backside.

SHEENA
I'll tell you when you are well.

KILLIAN
(helpless)
Hey! Take it easy!

SHEENA
(applies it)
It may hurt a little.

KILLIAN
It hurts a lot!

SHEENA
(stops)
There. You'll feel much better.

KILLIAN
(recovers)
I'm not sure this is happening.
(the platform sways)
Do you live up here?

SHEENA
I sleep here sometimes...It was built by the tree people.

KILLIAN
Apes?

SHEENA
(nods)
That is their English name.

She begins to feed him, a bite at a time, like a baby.

KILLIAN
What's <u>your</u> name?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
Sheena.

KILLIAN
'Sheena'...
(he muses, eyes narrowed)
...the Goddess with Golden Hair....

SHEENA
Goddess?

KILLIAN
...I've heard stories...I know a little about you.

SHEENA
What is your name?

KILLIAN
Killian.

SHEENA
'Killian.' It sounds like a warrior. Are you a warrior?

KILLIAN
I'm a photo-journalist.

SHEENA
'Photo?

KILLIAN
Journalist...I write articles for newsmagazines...and take pictures.

SHEENA
You draw pictures?

KILLIAN
Yes, in a way. I use a camera.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
I'm a warrior. I get pictures of wars.

SHEENA
Wars?

KILLIAN
You know. People killing each other.

SHEENA
You get pictures of people killing each other?

KILLIAN
Right.

SHEENA
Why do you do that? Why don't you stop the killing?

KILLIAN
It's none of my business. I just do my job.

SHEENA
What do you do with the pictures?

KILLIAN
Sell them.

SHEENA
Aren't you ashamed of what you do?

KILLIAN
Well, I...No.

SHEENA
Why do people kill anything they don't intend to eat?

KILLIAN
...You don't know what I'm talking about, do you?

SHEENA
Do you?
(she feels his forhead)
I know you have a fever, Kill-ian.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
Have you always lived here?...In the jungle? All your life?

SHEENA
This is my home.

KILLIAN
What about your mother and father?

SHEENA
The jungle is my mother and father.

KILLIAN
Then how did you learn to speak English?

SHEENA
...Sh...keep quiet...You talk too much.

KILLIAN
Somebody taught you how to talk?

SHEENA
Lions.

KILLIAN
...huh?

Sheena growls deep in her throat, gutteral. It is very authentic. Killian stares.

SHEENA
Monkeys....

She chatters a phrase, like a gibbon's howl.

SHEENA
Trees....

She breathes like the rustle of leaves in the soft wind.

KILLIAN
...I mean...talk to people...like we're doing now.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
Obe M'Bala taught me everything...
(she suddenly becomes grief-stricken)
But something has happened to him.

KILLIAN
Is he Wasende?

SHEENA
(nods)
Shaman.

KILLIAN
Yes. Something happened to him. The men who were chasing me...killed him.

SHEENA
(raises her head, furious)
I know. I know he is dead. He warned me that evil people are coming to steal the secret.

KILLIAN
The secret?

SHEENA
(taps her arm-bracelet)
Don't ask me, Kill-ian. All I can tell you is that Obe M'Bala said they will destroy the trees, the land, the animals -- unless I stop them.

KILLIAN
I'm afraid you can't stop them, Sheena. They're a fully equipped military expedition -- guns, defoliants -- they're an elite combat attack force.

SHEENA
It is my destiny to stop them! I am Protectress of the Djugu Barrier --

She rises to her feet, fierce as a female Tarzan, she rings out her defiant challenge.

SHEENA
Sheena! Queen of the Jungle!
(she looks down at Killian)
Come. We must leave here.

She tosses him his pants.

TREE TOP PLATFORM

Killian manages to pull on his pants as Sheena prepares a rope-sling out of vines.

KILLIAN
It's okay...I can climb down....

He sways. She catches him.

SHEENA
Tie this under your arms.

KILLIAN
I don't know if my shoulder can take it.

SHEENA
(wraps a few turns around his shoulder)
That will hold you together.

She eases him off of the platform.

KILLIAN
Wait. I'm not ready. That's two hundred feet down ---

ROPE SLING

In a hair-raising descent, Sheena lowers Killian to the ground like a sack. As she does so, a horde of spider-monkeys swarm over the rope, Killian, the tree -- everywhere. Sheena chatters with them. Killian is frozen as he sways in the breeze. At last he reaches the ground.

JUNGLE

Killian rests weakly against the immense tree-trunk, pale and sweating. He feebly unties the vine. As he does so, Sheena comes sliding down, repelling like a mountain climber. Her skilled descent is half free-fall, half controlled acrobatics. She stops with perfect timing inches above the ground. She steps away with Olympian ease. She goes to Killian.

SHEENA
What's wrong, Kill-ian, you look sick?

KILLIAN
I'll rest here a couple of minutes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
You can rest on my shoulder. I'll carry you.

KILLIAN
(rebels)
I don't need a woman carrying me.
(he struggles to his feet)
I'm okay. I can take care of myself. Which way?

SHEENA
This way.

They set out. Within a few steps, Killian gets woozy. He stumbles and staggers as he begins to fade. Sheena lets him sink enough to prove her point.

JUNGLE

As Killian is about to pass out, Sheena scoops him over her shoulder and marches off into the jungle like the powerhouse that she is. The reversal of roles is emphasized as she pats his bottom to comfort him.

BORDERLAND AREA

General Iru and the Simbi Elite Unit use winches to haul the Jungle Cat gun-carriers out of the swampy ground. Major Crowley and a search party return from the jungle.

IRU
Let's have your report, Major?

CROWLEY
The search party followed Killian's blood-trail into the deep swamp...infested with crocodiles...We searched for hours but there is no sign of him...We can safely say he is dead.

IRU
I hope so, Major. I don't like to order a firing squad and then find myself the only sharp-shooter able to put a bullet in him.

CROWLEY
No one could live long in there...much less a wounded man.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

IRU
(surveys the swamp area)
The map shows swampland along this quadrant. The ground is firm along this route...We'll use the vehicles as long as we can.

CROWLEY
Yessir.

He signals the Simbi troopers. The engines roar into life. The expedition gets under way. General Iru and Major Crowley swing onto a carrier.

OLDUVAI APPROACH

Sheena and Killian break out of the barrier jungle onto the gentle slopes of the Olduvai. This is the area in which Sheena's parents made their paleontological researches years ago. The cliffs rise before them. The forbidden mountains loom beyond. Sheena puts Killian down.

SHEENA
Can you walk?

KILLIAN
I've been trying to tell you for miles.

SHEENA
We are almost home.

KILLIAN
Home?

SHEENA
Many years ago...there was a little house made of cloth ---

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
A tent?

SHEENA
The sun and the rain turned it white... then the winds blew it away. I built a bomba out of thornwood.
(she points)
See?

COMPOUND

On the campsite where her parents had lived long ago, Sheena has constructed a compound. Surrounded by a wall of thornbrush, it is a classic, African "bomba" shelter. The firepit is still there.

COMPOUND

Sheena and Killian enter the small stockade. A lean-to shelter made of sticks covers a raised platform upon which is a bed made of skins. Killian looks around. He stops short at a kind of shrine in which flowers surround a shiny, brass surveyor's telescope.

KILLIAN
Where did you get that?

SHEENA
Obe M'Bala gave it to me.

KILLIAN
Where did he get it?

SHEENA
From a far away place called 'Civilization.'

KILLIAN
Do you know what it is?

SHEENA
It sees in the distance.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
It's a surveyor's telescope.

SHEENA
(nods)
'Magic.'

Killian goes to it.

KILLIAN
May I try it?

SHEENA
Yes.

He looks through it.

MOUNTAIN (LENS MATTE)

Through the lens, the mountain is foreboding. The crown of mist adds an eerie quality. Killian is hushed.

KILLIAN (v.o.)
'The Mountains of the Moon...'

Sheena watches Killian as he observes the forbidding escarpments.

SHEENA
How do you know its name?

KILLIAN
Legends. It's supposed to be sacred.

SHEENA
Yes. All of this ground is sacred. The barrier jungle, the cliffs...this is my domain.

KILLIAN
Then we must be close to the...Secret....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
(points)
Yes. Deep inside. In the heart of the mountain.

The silence is profound. The soft breeze stirs a wooden windchime. It makes a melancholy sound.

JUNGLE

The military expedition picks its way through the matted tangle. The heavy engines roar and whine as the vehicles back and fill and keep thrusting forward. General Iru and Crowley are impatient at the impenetrable jungle.

CROWLEY
It's getting worse.

IRU
At this rate we'll take a month to get there.

CROWLEY
Back out and take the south-eastern route.

IRU
Jungle is jungle. It swallows you any way you go. Push on.

COMPOUND

Sheena sees that Killian is in bad shape. She wipes his face as though he were a child, then picks him up to carry him over to the bed platform.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
You need rest.

KILLIAN
I'm fine --
(she carries him tenderly)
-- put me down.

SHEENA
You need a nice, soft bed.

KILLIAN
Forget bed. I'm okay ---

SHEENA
You're hungry. I like to feed you.

KILLIAN
I don't want to be fed....

She places him on the platform covered with skins. She gazes at him fondly. Her voice is tender.

SHEENA
Let's take off your pants.

KILLIAN
Let's take off your pants.

SHEENA
Yes. I'll make a fire and come lie down with you.

She starts to remove Killian's pants.

KILLIAN
Come on, Sheena! I don't want to start anything until I feel well enough to finish it.

She removes his pants. She gazes at him.

SHEENA
You are very beautiful, Kill-ian. You have strong legs....

He has trouble being a sex object and covers himself with a skin...somewhat modestly. He is torn between getting turned on by Sheena's open, innocent sexuality...and resenting her dominant role-reversal.

KILLIAN
Okay...we've both got great legs.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
(looks at her legs)
I prefer yours.

She pulls the covering down matter-of-factly. He stops her.

KILLIAN
Hey! Watch it!

SHEENA
These muscles across here are pretty, I prefer your chest, too. You have lovely breasts.

KILLIAN
Will you stop??

SHEENA
Do you want me to?

KILLIAN
(torn)
Not really...but can't we wait until after dinner?
(mutters)
Where have I heard that before?

SHEENA
(relents and turns away)
I'll make a fire.

She gets a fire-stone and begins twirling a stick with a fire-bow. She blows on the wood. Killian watches for a moment.

KILLIAN
(gets up)
Here...I'll build the fire, you fix the food.

Sheena picks him up and dumps him back on the bed.

SHEENA
You just lie there looking the way you do.

KILLIAN
(tries to get up)
Men know how to build fires....

SHEENA
(dumps him back in bed; fondly)
Look at you...Mm...I could eat you up.

Killian subsides, holding his sore shoulder.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
(mutters)
I'm telling you...that's my job....

He watches her prepare dinner.

JUNGLE

Lights flare in the gathering dark as the military expedition is slowed to a crawl by the dense tangle. General Iru turns to Major Crowley.

IRU
Only three kilometers in over an hour! We're burning up the engines!

CROWLEY
Call a halt?

IRU
We'll bivouac here and proceed on foot in the morning.

Major Crowley gives the order. The expedition grinds to a halt. As the engines die, mysterious sounds of the jungle take over.

COMPOUND

It is afternoon. Killian is cleaned up and in much better health. Sheena brings him a stalk of finger-bananas. She tries to feed him. He balks.

SHEENA
You'll like them....

KILLIAN
You bring me food every hour on the hour. I'm stuffed.

SHEENA
(feels his leg)
Yes. You feel good.
(gives his behind a little pat)
You're a strong man, Kill-ian. It's only been a few days and look at you.

She caresses his cheek.

KILLIAN
I'm going hunting.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
No, not yet.

KILLIAN
I made a spear.

He shows it.

SHEENA
It is very nice. But I don't want you to hurt anything.

KILLIAN
I'm going to kill something.

SHEENA
I mean hurt yourself. Your shoulder.

KILLIAN
It's okay. I throw with my right.

She takes the spear, unconsciously patronizing him.

SHEENA
(examines it)
You did a good job. I'll sharpen it for you.

KILLIAN
I already sharpened it.

SHEENA
Let me tighten the binding...?

KILLIAN
It's tight.

SHEENA
You'd better test it. Pretend that stump is a razorback boar with sharp tusks...ready to charge you.

STUMP

Killian lines up on the stump. He hurls the spear. It glances off.

SHEENA
You hit him! Good!
(he retrieves the spear)
See what happens if you stick him with the point ---

(CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
(cuts in)
-- I know the point is supposed to stick him.

He lines up at closer range. He hurls the spear. It sticks, quivering. The binding breaks. The handle drops to the ground.

SHEENA
The spearhead is still in him. He'll die in a few hours. Let me show you a way to hold it ---.

KILLIAN
Okay. Okay.

SHEENA
I'll get one of my own assegais. Wait here!

She runs swiftly to the shelter. Killian inspects his unravelled spear. Sheena emerges with a slim javelin. She is quite far away from the target stump. She poises herself. Killian calls out.

KILLIAN
Hey! You're too far away!

SHEENA
(calls)
It's a light spear!

KILLIAN
(yells)
You'll stick me!

SHEENA
(yells)
Stay where you are!

KILLIAN
(retreats)
Look out! Watch what you're doing!

SPEAR GAME

Sheena arches like a Greek statue and hurls the javelin. It streaks like a bolt from the blue.

STUMP

With a whizzing thump, the assegai-javelin pierces the stump dead-center and penetrates clear through. Killian stares.

COMPOUND

Killian is busy with the binding of his spear. It is lumpy. Sheena observes with a tolerant smile.

SHEENA
Are you making it into a club?

KILLIAN
(grim)
...I'm repairing it.

SHEENA
That kind of wood snaps in two.

KILLIAN
It's like iron.

She takes it and snaps it with no effort.

KILLIAN
You think you're hot stuff, don't you? Strong as a gorilla.

SHEENA
(innocently flexing)
Stronger.

KILLIAN
Come here...on my good side.

He sets up an armwrestling situation.

KILLIAN
Come on...grab hold.
(Sheena grabs his leg)
...My hand...It's a test of strength.
(she locks hands; Killian presses; Sheena is easily subdued.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
See?...

He realizes she is submitting on purpose like a swaying dance.

KILLIAN
Come on, Sheena! You're supposed to resist. Try to stop me.

Sheena stops him like cold steel; Killian strains.

KILLIAN
Push hard...all you've got.

She overcomes him with ease. He collects himself.

KILLIAN
Okay...One more....

Sheena again subdues him comfortably. He strains as his arm is pressed flat.

SHEENA
Am I doing it right?

KILLIAN
You're like a boa-constrictor...one of those big tree snakes.

SHEENA
(beams)
Thank you.
(shy)
You, too, are pretty, Kill-ian.

KILLIAN
I've never met anyone quite like you... But where I come from, girls are a little different.

SHEENA
'Girl' is the young female. 'Little girl.'
(she indicates a child)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
There's more to a girl than just young. Big girls...around your age, are more... feminine.

SHEENA
What is 'feminine?'

KILLIAN
Forget it. You don't need to know and you wouldn't understand, anyway.

SHEENA
Tell me Kill-ian. Please? I want to learn. What does a feminine girl do?

KILLIAN
It's more in their attitude...they're more delicate.
(he tries to move his hand sensuously)
...kind of sensuous....

SHEENA
Like a tree snake?

KILLIAN
They walk a certain way.

SHEENA
How do I walk?

KILLIAN
Like an NFL fullback.

SHEENA
Show me the feminine way. Please?

KILLIAN
Well....

He gets up. Killian is tough and the walk comes out a macho Cage Aux Folles strut. Sheena laughs. Killian stops, embarrassed.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
I'm trying to show you....

SHEENA
You look like an ostrich in mating season.

KILLIAN
Thanks a lot.

He resumes work.

JUNGLE

The military expedition now moves through the jungle on foot. The Simbi are efficient as they use machetes to hack their way through the tangle. General Iru and Major Crowley supervise the file. They check the map. Crowley sights the Geiger Compass.

CROWLEY
If we bear about five degrees northeast. We ought to see the Mountains... in a matter of days.

IRU
We've got to make better time. Send an advance party ahead of us...to thin out a passage.

Crowley puts on his gas-mask and goes.

JUNGLE

Seen from above, the jungle is defaced by clouds of Agent Orange. It looks a little as though a locomotive somewhere below the foliage bellows a trail of ugly smoke. Birds and monkeys flee in terror as less fortunate ones are overcome by the toxic spray and are destroyed.

JUNGLE

The military expedition, wearing gas-masks, files through a gaunt, skeletal channel of bare trees, stripped of foliage by the evil, miasma of orange mist. The effect is monstrous: the end of the world.

COMPOUND

At the edge of the jungle, Sheena is standing alone. She senses with every fiber of her body, searching with animal-like awareness. Killian appears beside her.

KILLIAN
I've been watching you...all day. What's wrong?

SHEENA
Something horrible is happening... the jungle is suffering pain.

KILLIAN
The jungle?

SHEENA
Cutting like a knife. Coming from that direction.

KILLIAN
How can you tell?

SHEENA
It's in the air. Far away...but moving slowly toward us. The smell of death.

KILLIAN
I don't smell anything....

She points upwards at huge birds planing on the thermal currents.

SHEENA
They know.

KILLIAN
Birds can see hundreds of miles.

SHEENA
The animals know. The trees know.

KILLIAN
The trees? How can you say that?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
Their roots reach out and touch; their leaves hold hands. They tremble...and I feel it.

She holds out her fingertips.

KILLIAN
(hushed)
You are different, Sheena. You see more, hear more. You're more than a woman...more than human. You're like the next step in evolution...in tune with nature...in tune with the whole planet....

SHEENA
(deeply troubled)
I can't talk any more, Kill-ian. Your wounds are healed. You are strong enough for me to leave you here alone.

KILLIAN
Leave me?

SHEENA
The jungle needs me. I've got to go.

COMPOUND

Sheena hurriedly secures the bomba-stockade. She selects a javelin and a knife.

KILLIAN
I'm coming with you.

SHEENA
No. You are too slow. I don't want to have to carry you.

KILLIAN
Carry me?? I can keep up with you any day ---

SHEENA
I'm sorry if I insult you, Kill-ian; but you travel like the great sloth.

KILLIAN
You'll see. Come on.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
(ignores him)
I'm leaving you plenty of food and water. Fresh fruit ---

KILLIAN
Let's go!

SHEENA
-- and I'm leaving a guardian to watch over you and keep you safe ---

KILLIAN
What are you talking about...?

Sheena suddenly lifts her head and snarls. The sound is gutteral, harsh and very convincing.

COMPOUND

In response to Sheena's call, a huge lioness appears on the wall of the bomba-stockade. It crouches, snarling, flat-eared, looking down at Killian, waiting for Sheena's command. Sheena rasps something at the lioness. It responds in kind. Sheena turns to Killian.

SHEENA
Her name is Ki-a. She will look after you.

KILLIAN
...Just a minute....

Sheena starts to go.

SHEENA
I will return soon.

She goes. Killian starts to follow. The lioness bristles and spits, hissing. Killian freezes. The lioness regards him with baleful eyes like bowls of broth. Killian is not too happy at being left in the care of a seven hundred pound predator.

JUNGLE

Gas-masks removed, the expedition rests while General Iru and Major Crowley take bearings.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

IRU
Try the Geiger Compass. According to the map, we are within operational distance.

Crowley gets the compact case from a Simbi trooper. He opens it.

GEIGER COMPASS

The electronic sensing device glows as Crowley switches it on. The compass card swings slowly into position.

IRU (v.o.)
Set it for long range.

The oscilloscope pulses. Very faint. Irregular.

JUNGLE

Iru and Crowley adjust the Geiger Compass. Crowley sets the calibration.

CROWLEY
We're picking up a radioactive source.

IRU
How far away?

CROWLEY
It's too faint to tell. But we're on the correct heading.

IRU
It won't be long now. Order the men to move out.

Major Crowley barks commands. The expedition gets moving.

TREE TOPS (SWIFT "TRAVEL-BYS")

High in the vault of trees, Sheena swings on vines and flings herself across impossible chasms with the grace of a gibbon.

GAUNT TREES

Arriving at the skeletal channel of defoliated trees, Sheena stops. Her eyes are filled with tears as she hugs and soothes the stripped branches. She tears herself away and picks up the trail of the military expedition.

VANTAGE

Tracking with her super-senses of smell and hearing, Sheena closes in on the expedition. She swings to a vantage point in a lofty tree and observes. Below, General Iru and Major Crowley lead the Simbi Elite Unit. Sheena begins to shadow them.

JUNGLE (WAR OF NERVES)

Shadowing the expedition, Sheena starts a war of nerves. In the filtered shadows, she utters animal cries. The sounds echo and then seem to travel on their own as jungle creatures relay Sheena's calls.

JUNGLE (WAR OF NERVES)

The Simbi troopers become aware of something strange. As they file through groves of low-lying ferns, they react to the eerie calls. Major Crowley comes to General Iru's side. They listen.

IRU
It seems to be following us.

CROWLEY
...The men don't like it.

IRU
Remind them we are equipped with automatic weapons, flame-throwers, anti-personnel grenades -- enough firepower to wipe out an army.

CROWLEY
They'd prefer an army.

The cries echo. Eerie.

IRU
Call a halt. Break out extra rations. We'll stop here for the night.
(Crowley starts to go)
Post sentries.

Crowley goes.

NIGHT JUNGLE

Moonlight streaks silvery webs through the cathedral of dark foliage. In the darkness, Sheena drops to the ground, soundless. She moves like a ghost in and out of the blue-black shadows, stalking.

SENTRY

A Simbi trooper carrying a Skoda "grease-gun," stands sentry duty. Sheena moves in absolute silence, playing cat-and-mouse. Her uncanny quickness and utter silence makes the sentry look foolish. Suddenly, without a sound, the sentry is seized, subdued and hauled up into a tree the way a leopard lugs its kill. The unconscious trooper is left in "storage."

IRU'S TENT

The opulent tent is guarded by two more sentries. They disappear, one at a time. Sheena appears, visible for a second in the dying light of the campfire. She slips into Iru's tent.

IRU'S TENT

The General sleeps with a service pistol in his hand. The mosquito netting around his cot rises in a ghostly fashion. The dark figure of Sheena leans toward the slumbering General. He awakens, wide-eyed, to find himself face to face with an apparent apparition. He tries to point the gun, only to have it twisted to lie on his lips in a gesture of silence that could blow out his sinuses permanently. Sheena's superhuman strength grips him like steel. Sheena whispers, hushing him.

SHEENA
Shh...shh....

Iru freezes.

SHEENA
I ought to kill you...for Shaman M'Bala ...for what you have done to the jungle. But the way of the Shaman forbids revenge... and I will not betray his memory. Your death is only a matter of time.
(a flicker of fear crosses Iru's eyes)
The Shaman warned you to turn back. He warned you about the Wasende legend. The Djugu barrier is forbidden ground. The jungle you have violated is sacred.

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SHEENA (Cont'd)
The Shaman warned you...now I, Sheena, Queen of the Jungle, command you -- Turn back!

She holds him hypnotized as she recedes.

IRU'S TENT

Sheena is gone as Iru emerges. He fires his gun wildly. The encampment is galvanized into life. The Simbi troopers react in confusion. Major Crowley hurries to General Iru.

CROWLEY
General! Are you all right?

IRU
Come here!

He pulls Crowley into the tent. His voice is harsh.

IRU
She got past the sentries!

CROWLEY
I didn't see anyone!

IRU
(lowers his voice)
She was here!

CROWLEY
What are you talking about?

IRU
The Guardian! Queen of the Jungle!

CROWLEY
It was a dream ---

IRU
I'm telling you, she warned me ---

CROWLEY
Yes, sir, I believe you. But I don't believe in spirits. If she was here, she was flesh and blood!

IRU
(stops)
Yes...she was as real as you are....

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CROWLEY
Then we have no problem. We'll run her down.

IRU
The sounds...all around us...she's been following us...
(he turns to Crowley, confident)
No, we won't run her down. We'll make her come to us.

JUNGLE (INTERCUT)

It is daylight. General Iru, Major Crowley and Simbi hunting parties work methodically. They use military walkie-talkies to conduct a one-sided hunt. Iru is on the radio. Intercut.

IRU
This is Command Base. I want reports from all hunting parties.

A radio crackles.

SIMBI VOICE
Sector One...small game. Wild pigs, okapi....

IRU
Sector Two, come in?

SIMBI VOICE
Sector Two. Nothing here...spider monkeys...birds.

A whiplash of automatic weapon fire rings out in the distance, echoing across the jungle.

IRU
What was that? Sector Three, did you fire? Major Crowley? come in?

Crowley's voice comes on.

CROWLEY
Female lion. Two cubs.

IRU
Bring them in. All parties return to base.

JUNGLE (BASE)

The hunting parties return to the base camp. Major Crowley's group carries a pole upon which is bound the dead body of a lioness. Two small cubs are carried by Simbi troopers. They set to work, supervised by General Iru.

COMPOUND

In the bomba-stockade, the lioness watching over Killian is restless. She lifts her head, scenting the soft winds blowing across from the jungle. Killian is eating. He watches the lioness.

KILLIAN
Are you hungry? I hope not.

He cuts a piece of meat and tosses it.

KILLIAN
I hope this isn't a big mistake...
(the lioness devours it)
Maybe we can make friends...hm?
(the lioness roars)
Is that your idea of friendly?
(he tosses more food)
Yes...isn't that good? You prefer it rare? Mm...yes...raw goat. Wonderful.
(he eases close)
Nice pussy...
(the lioness growls)
Are you purring? Nice, Ki-a...
Wuzza-wuzza-wuzza....
(she snarls)
Nothing personal.

Killian and the lioness regard one another with wary eyes.

JUNGLE

A makeshift, wooden cage is carried into concealment. Under General Iru's direction, the Simbi troopers set up a spring trap.

IRU
(to Major Crowley)
Hurry! Work fast -- and cover the spring trap! We don't want her to see the ropes!

CROWLEY
(to the Simbi)
Keep it covered! Hurry!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The troopers work fast. The rope is rigged with the body of the dead lioness at the center. The two cubs are brought out. Major Crowley stakes them down with rope collars next to their dead mother. He then loads a tranquilizer gun with darts.

IRU
Clear the area! Take cover!

The Simbi brush the ground and melt into the jungle. The cubs begin to cry.

TREETOPS

Sheena, circles back, moving rapidly in the trees. She stops, listening. She cocks her head -- very like a lioness, picking up minute sounds in the stir of air.

TRAP AREA

The lion cubs, tied down beside the dead lioness, meow and whine piteously. The effect is heart-breaking.

TREETOPS

Sheena, responding to the inaudible cries, swings in breath-taking arcs toward the trap.

TRAP AREA

Sheena arrives at the trap area. She drops down, soundlessly. Crouching. Her senses warn her of the presence of the hidden Simbi troopers. The cubs cry.

JUNGLE (FAN FERNS)

From concealment, General Iru and his men observe. The cage waits under the ferns. Iru whispers to Major Crowley as Sheena appears.

IRU
There! By the edge....

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CROWLEY
Flesh and blood.

IRU
(eyes narrow)
...like an animal....

CROWLEY
She senses something.

IRU
She knows we're watching.

CROWLEY
But you're right...she'll try to save the cubs.

TRAP AREA

The cries of the cubs overwhelm Sheena. She comes forward, crouching. She stops in suspense, then moves toward the trap.

TRAP CENTER

Sheena crouches by the dead lioness. Her eyes are furious. She then turns to the cubs. She soothes them for a moment, then cuts the rope collars that stake them down. As she does so, the trap springs.

TRAP

The rope noose tightens but Sheena is faster than it is. As it closes around her, she slashes free.

JUNGLE FIGHT

Major Crowley and the Simbi rush forward. Sheena meets them. The fight is spectacular. Sheena hurls the troopers and does battle with a blinding display of jungle-born Karate. The effect is fast and furious, savage -- a snarling, spitting cat-fight with a human tiger.

JUNGLE FIGHT

Sheena is hampered by her effort to protect the cubs. Seeing a moment of vulnerability, Major Crowley fires the tranquilizer gun. The dart strikes Sheena in the back. It seems to have no effect as Sheena fights off the Simbi attackers. General Iru appears at Major Crowley's side.

IRU
She doesn't feel it! Fire another!

Crowley fires another dart. It striked Sheena's shoulder.

CROWLEY
Any more would kill a grown lion!

TRAP AREA

The tranquilizer darts begin to take effect. Sheena slows down. The Simbi troopers are able to seize her. She is overwhelmed, still struggling valiantly, fighting to remain conscious. The Simbi bind her hand and foot like dangerous wild game. Major Crowley snaps orders.

CROWLEY
Cage her!

The cage is brought out of its place of concealment.

CAGE

The wooden structure is solid and tightly bound by tough vines. The Simbi are experienced hunters and have done their job well. Sheena is placed inside the cage. Major Crowley locks it securely.

BIVOUAC CAMP

At sunset, the military expedition is encamped for the night. Major Crowley and the Simbi are at their cook fires. The jungle is filled with the cries of animals. Restless. Iru's tent is set apart.

IRU'S TENT

Inside the opulent tent, Iru sits alone with the lion cubs. The cage is in front of him. Sheena, bound hand and foot is inside, still unconscious. Iru watches her, fascinated. After a moment, Sheena stirs. Her eyes open...dazed.

IRU
Ah...'The Queen of the Jungle' is alive.
(shows the cubs)
The babies are alive, too.

Sheena's eyes narrow. She shakes her head.

IRU
Shake your mane...Arch your back... Show your claws....

A low growl gathers in Sheena's throat.

IRU
What's all that growling? Are you talking to the babies?

He jars one. It gives a whining snarl. Sheena snarls.

IRU
Don't snarl at me!
(leans close)
I know you can talk.
(grins)
You are a strong woman...I have never seen a female body with such ...power. Dangerous. Fascinating. It will be exciting to tame you.
(he comes close)
Speak to me, Sheena...like you did the other night with a gun in my face. Tell me to turn back.

He grabs her hair through the bars, twisting. His face contorts.

IRU
Give me orders, Sheena! Command me!
(his voice is cruel)
What do they call you? Protectress? Guardian of the Secret? Nothing can protect you now! You won't have any secrets left when I'm through with you!

CAGE

Sheena explodes. Calling upon superhuman strength, she rips her bonds apart, freeing her hands. She seizes Iru and jams him against the cage. He struggles to get his gun. She tears the bonds off of her feet and uses the ropes as a garrot. Using Iru as leverage, she rocks the cage with savage fury; the wood splinters and breaks. Sheena tears her way out. She seizes Iru and hurls him through the side of the tent. The canvas splits as he sprawls outside. The sentries, thinking their leader is in total control of the captive, react in startled amazement. Sheena scoops up the cubs and an automatic weapon.

IRU'S TENT

Major Crowley hurries to the stunned Iru.

IRU
Stop her!

Crowley catches a fleeting glimpse of Sheena making her escape into the night jungle. He grabs an automatic weapon from a Simbi trooper and opens fire, raking the trees... but Sheena is long gone.

COMPOUND

Killian is now quite friendly with the lioness, Ki-a. In fact she is overly fond of him. They share the platform bed made of skins. He starts to get some fruit. She growls.

KILLIAN
Do you mind? I'm not going anywhere...
(he gets a mango)
See? I'm getting a mango. Okay?
(he eats disconsolately)
I'm sorry we ever made friends....

The lioness suddenly jumps to her feet and streaks across the enclosure, leaping the wall at a bound. Killian, thinking he was about to be eaten, crouches back. He collects himself and hurries to follow.

APPROACH

Sheena, carrying the two cubs, comes running out of the barrier jungle. The automatic weapon is slung over her back. The lioness, Ki-a, greets her. Sheena puts down the cubs and hugs her.

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SHEENA
Ki-a!
(she indicates the cubs)
Here -- these need a new mother.

She exchanges growls with Ki-a. The lioness takes over the cubs, picking one up in her mouth to carry. Killian, in the distance, shouts.

KILLIAN
Sheena!

Sheena lifts her head. Her eyes light up as she sees Killian.

SHEENA
Kill-ian!

She runs swiftly to meet him.

APPROACH

Sheena and Killian meet. She embraces him, sweeping him off his feet.

KILLIAN
Hey! Take it easy!

Sheena inspects him all over. They vie for the roles of protector and protected.

SHEENA
Killian...are you all right?

KILLIAN
Are you?

SHEENA
I was worried ---

KILLIAN
I've been worried ---

SHEENA
Don't worry ---

KILLIAN
I'm fine.

JUNGLE

At the head of the column of Simbi troopers, General Iru and Major Crowley break through the huge ferns. They stop at what they see.

JUNGLE AND MOUNTAINS (TIE-IN PROCESS)

Through the treetops on ahead, the mysterious bulk of the Mountains of the Moon are now visible. Even in the distance, the cloud-capped heights are awesome.

JUNGLE

Iru and Crowley react to the sight of their destination.

IRU
Range and course!

Crowley gets the Geiger Compass.

GEIGER COMPASS

The electronic device glows. The oscilloscope pulses at a steady rate. Crowley adjusts it. A faint hiss of static crackles. The directional needle lines up.

CROWLEY (v.o.)
Two degrees off of the summit.

IRU
Distance?

CROWLEY
Less than a day!

IRU
Force the march!

CROWLEY
Yes, sir!

He yells orders. The column proceeds.

COMPOUND

Sheena eats ravenously while Killian inspects the automatic weapon.

SHEENA
I took it from General Iru.

KILLIAN
Took it. Like that.

SHEENA
It wasn't that easy. He is an evil, dangerous man. I warned him...to turn back.

KILLIAN
You don't warn General Iru....

SHEENA
(agrees)
He used the lion cubs to trap me. He locked me in a cage.

Killian snaps the bolt. His eyes are angry.

SHEENA
But I broke out and ran away.

KILLIAN
You can't tell a man like General Iru to turn back. He doesn't respect anybody or anything...
(he clicks the weapon)
...except this.

He turns to go.

SHEENA
(stops eating)
Where are you going?

KILLIAN
To stop him.

CONTINUED

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SHEENA
(matter-of-fact)
No.

KILLIAN
Look. We made the mistake of letting a woman go on a man's errand.
(he slaps the gun)
The Simbi will listen to this.

SHEENA
There are too many ---

KILLIAN
I'll set up an ambush. Pick off the General and Major Crowley...the rest are soldiers. Without the Commanding Officers they'll break ranks and pull out.

SHEENA
No. That is not the way.

KILLIAN
You give a lot of orders, Sheena. But nobody's listening.
(he slings the gun)
I'm in charge now.

He sets out. Sheena stops eating as she watches him go.

JUNGLE BARRIER

Killian, alone, comes to the jungle barrier. He takes a deep breath, squares his shoulders and marches in. In the distance, Sheena, a lonely figure, watches.

JUNGLE BARRIER

Sheena comes to the edge of the jungle and waits. She stands brushing her hair with a quill comb. After a moment, she looks up, expectantly. Killian emerges from the jungle. He approaches.

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KILLIAN
...Which direction?

SHEENA
I'm sorry, Kill-ian.

KILLIAN
(sits, disconsolate)
The trees have moss on all sides...
I'm lucky I made it back.

SHEENA
It's not your fault. Even the
Wasende get lost in the barrier.

KILLIAN
It's your turf, Sheena.

SHEENA
I grew up in there; it's my playground.
(he looks away)
Don't be angry, Kill-ian. I can't help
being...'different.' And I don't mean
to give orders.
(deeply sincere)
When I was away from you, my heart
cried out. I wanted to be by your
side. I wanted to run with you...
close and together...You as the
man. The leader. Me as the woman...
full of respect for your strength and
bravery --
(hesitates)
Is this correct, Kill-ian? Am I being
feminine?

KILLIAN
You're being a hypocrite.

SHEENA
Is that good?

CONTINUED

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KILLIAN
(angry)
Why can't you be honest? You think I'm a lilly-livered klutz!

SHEENA
Yes, you are beautiful.

KILLIAN
And I'm sick of you telling me how beautiful I am!
(angry)
I'm tired of you patronizing me! Make that matronizing! 'Respect for my strength and bravery!' Hypocrite means liar! You're a goddam liar!

Sheena, stung, punches him. Killian sprawls.

SHEENA
I do not lie!

Killian rubs his jaw.

KILLIAN
You're about as feminine as Jake LaMotta.

SHEENA
Come fight me, Killian! Stand up and fight!

KILLIAN
You've got the edge, Sheena -- speed, muscle -- You'd probably take me. But I won't fight.

SHEENA
You're a warrior! Fight!

KILLIAN
(measured)
I won't fight a woman.

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Sheena, in total frustration, starts to cry tears of anger. Killian feels himself on more familiar ground.

KILLIAN
For God's sake, don't cry. Come on, Sheena.

He gets up and goes to her.

KILLIAN
...You don't have to cry.

He takes her to him tenderly and kisses her.

KISS

The kiss is gentle and then gets involved. Sheena clings to him. Over his shoulder she is seen to grin happily. She murmurs.

SHEENA
It works.

KILLIAN
...huh?

Sheena clings to him joyously; her kisses are passionate. Killian is almost overpowered. He manages to come up for air.

KILLIAN
Hey...hold it! Slow down!

SHEENA
You are a great teacher, Kill-ian. I want you to teach me all you know ---

KILLIAN
As soon as we stop General Iru, I'll give you lessons you won't believe.

SHEENA
I believe you, Kill-ian. I feel it... all over. My body wants to cry and sing and dance...What's wrong with me?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KILLIAN
Nothing. Absolutely nothing.
(he picks up the automatic weapon)
Let's go.

They set out into the jungle.

JUNGLE

As Killian marches to battle, Sheena, her adrenalin sending her high as a kite, dances into her jungle playground. She points out the path to Killian while she, herself, takes to the trees. She swoops above him, showing off in innocent childlike glee. The arboreal ballet is ecstatic. Sheena expresses her joyous love in a superb display of trapeze artistry. Killian, although earthbound, is enthralled. He even joins in for a brief breathtaking ride.

JUNGLE

The military expedition moves through the jungle with relentless drive. The faces of the Simbi Elite unit are grim. General Iru and Major Crowley arrive at a dense thicket. The growths are exotic, almost like cactus, with scarlet crests of flowers.

CROWLEY
Cut through or go around?

IRU
(breaks a stalk)
Look at this. All of that growth in under there...Have you ever seen thorns like that?

Crowley displays the Geiger Compass.

CROWLEY
Look.

GEIGER COMPASS

The oscilloscope is pulsing with a rapid fluctuation.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The greenish glow is intense. The Compass direction is now rigid. A red line glows.

JUNGLE

Crowley and Iru examine the Geiger Compass. Crowley adjusts the volume. Static fries and crackles.

IRU
Can you read the range?

CROWLEY
A few kilometers...provided we stay on course.

IRU
We will not go around...or hack our way through. We are too close to let anything stand in our way.

Iru's look is fanatic.

CROWLEY
(grim)
I understand, General.

He goes.

JUNGLE (FIRE)

Flame-throwers spout streaks of liquid fire. A phalanx of Simbi troopers invades the dense vegetation, searing a pathway. Other Simbis control the conflagration with portable CO_2 cannisters. The roar of flames and the hissing, billowing fog creates a scene out of hell.

CHARRED CHANNEL

The military expedition moves through the charred and blackened channel. Acrid smoke rises from the ashes.

VANTAGE TREE

Killian, his jaw set, climbs to a vantage point in a tall tree. He conceals himself in the foliage, bracing himself against a branch. He unslings the automatic weapon.

NEARBY TREE

Sheena arrives at a nearby tree and watches Killian prepare his one-man ambush. Her eyes show a patient tolerance as though she were watching a child. Then, catching a faint scent of distant fire, she stiffens. She resolves and swings across to Killian's vantage point.

VANTAGE TREE

Sheena arrives beside Killian, startling him. His voice is controlled.

KILLIAN
I wish you wouldn't come out of nowhere. I almost shot you.

SHEENA
I smell fire.

KILLIAN
Fire?

SHEENA
Iru is burning a passage...coming this way.

KILLIAN
I'm ready.

SHEENA
They will burn anything in their path. I don't want you to die, Kill-ian.

KILLIAN
I told you, I'll take out Iru and Major Crowley.

He clicks the breech.

CONTINUED

SHEENA
They have fifty of these! They make death-mist, fire-storms ---

KILLIAN
Then you know what they'll do if they get atomic power.

SHEENA
It is not time, Kill-ian. Not here. Forgive me.

She takes the automatic weapon. He struggles and almost falls. She catches him and, moving expertly in her tree-top world, wraps vines around him, binding him. She then lowers him to the ground and carries him over her shoulder.

JUNGLE

Sheena carries Killian into a clearing and unloads him. He is furious.

SHEENA
I don't want to give orders, Kill-ian. Please don't be angry? But you are one man against an army.

KILLIAN
And you're one woman! What are you going to do? Let them get to the mountain. Hand over the radioactive site? Let them build nuclear warheads and burn up the world?

SHEENA
You forget, Kill-ian, I was born to protect the Secret of the Mountain.

KILLIAN
With your bare hands?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
(mysterious)
We will find help. But from here on, it will be dangerous.

KILLIAN
Dangerous?? I've been shot, hunted, almost eaten alive by a crocodile, held prisoner by a seven hundred pound lion ---

Sheena reacts to a distant sound. She senses the wind.

SHEENA
They are coming, Kill-ian!

She unties his hands. He lunges for the automatic rifle. Sheena eludes him.

SHEENA
Follow me!

She runs; Killian pursues her. She taunts him, just out of reach. As she leaps and swings on tendrils, Killian charges after her like a line backer but never quite makes the tackle.

JUNGLE

The jungle is darkening. Spurts of flame incinerate obstacles as the military expedition forces forward. The Simbi troopers are relentless. General Iru and Major Crowley drive the pace.

JUNGLE EDGE

An ominous red sunset gathers as Sheena and Killian break out of the jungle and race across the grassy slopes. They arrive at the compound. Sheena looks back.

JUNGLE

In the sunset-reddened distance, smoke rises from the jungle, signalling the advance of the military expedition.

COMPOUND

Killian gasps for breath. He uses the surveyor's telescope.

KILLIAN
They'll break through before sunset!

SHEENA
We must hurry, Kill-ian!

KILLIAN
Where are we going?

SHEENA
Follow me!

She sets out toward the cliff. Killian follows, running hard.

JUNGLE

General Iru and Crowley pause for a moment to read the Geiger Compass. It pulses and hisses with intensified static.

CROWLEY
Intense radioactivity...we're lined up on the hotspot.

IRU
(checks the chart)
The Olduvai plain is dead ahead...then the cliffs...
(he looks around)
...and no sign of the 'Queen of the Jungle.'

CROWLEY
(with a grim smile)
The end of a legend...and the beginning of a World Empire.

Iru is still uneasy.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

IRU
Not until we have seized power...
(he clenches his fist)
...and hold it in our fist!

They press on.

CLIFFS

Sheena leads Killian up the approach to the cliff. The sunset is now russet. Shadows streak the rockface. Far above, the mountain looms, shrouded by mists the color of ashes of roses.

JUNGLE

In the gloom, the approaching Simbis blast orange billows of flame. Swirling smoke adds to the ominous effect. Backlit by fire, the advancing soldiers look like an alien invasion.

CAVE ENTRY

Sheena and Killian arrive at the entrance to the cave. They glance back to see the flaring orange glow in the darkening jungle. They enter.

CAVE

Sheena and Killian head for the dark passage. The ancient paintings are dimly visible. The prehistoric presence is eerie.

PASSAGE-TUNNEL

Sheena and Killian hurry along the strange, shadowy tunnel. The passage narrows where the debris from the collapse blocks the way. Sheena picks her way, crouching. Killian becomes aware of the dim, blue radiance beyond. His voice is hushed.

KILLIAN
Is that it? The radioactive core?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
You must wait here, Killian.

He senses a new tension in her attitude.

KILLIAN
What are you afraid of?

SHEENA
I don't want you to die.

KILLIAN
Radiation?

SHEENA
You must stay back....

KILLIAN
If it hasn't killed you ---

SHEENA
You were right about me, Kill-ian, I am different.

KILLIAN
Are you telling me you've built up a tolerence?

SHEENA
Wait for me.

KILLIAN
No. This time I'm coming with you.

Sheena reluctantly agrees.

SHEENA
All right...come as close as you can.

PASSAGE

Sheena makes her way toward the light. Killian eases forward. They crawl across the rubble and debris.

CHAMBER

Sheena and Killian enter the final chamber. Like the inner cave of "Alien" the sanctum is layered with luminous mist. The scene is eerie.

GEOMETRIC ARTIFACT

At the center of the "cyst" is the transparent geometric form. The other-worldly artifact casts a blinding, blue-white glare. Killian is driven back by the blinding light. He crouches by the wall of debris. Sheena helps sheild his eyes. Killian is shaken.

KILLIAN
What is it?

Sheena does not answer.

KILLIAN
Sheena -- it's not pitchblende or minerals -- it's not natural....

SHEENA
...There are no words....

KILLIAN
But someone made it...someone intelligent....

Sheena shakes her head, repeating.

SHEENA
...There are no words....

KILLIAN
Someone with scientific knowledge....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
...The dark companion.

KILLIAN
What does that mean?

SHEENA
The Shaman told me. Obe M'Bala told me it came from a star up in the sky.

KILLIAN
The Wasende legend? From the Dog Star?
(he stares at her)
How long has this been here, Sheena?

SHEENA
From the beginning.

KILLIAN
And how did you know it was here?

SHEENA
I was born here.

She turns away and approaches the brilliant glare. Killian is unable to watch. He retreats back into the tunnel, temporarily blinded.

MYSTERIOUS ARTIFACT

Sheena kneels before the weird cube. The ritual is otherworldly. The strange glow circles in eerie patterns within. As Sheena kneels, her armbands begin to glow. The glaring element inside of the geometric form darkens to a fiery corruscation. A deep rumble builds in intensity. A seismic trembling begins to sweep the area.

TUNNEL

Killian feels the ground shift and crouches in fear. The tunnel shudders.

ARTIFACT

Sheena rises to her feet. She is bathed in blue light. Her armbands and ankle bracelets glow. She turns to go.

TUNNEL

Killian becomes aware of Sheena's return. She moves as she did when she was a child, trance-like. Killian feels a thrill of fear as he sees that she is faintly luminous! Her armbands gleam with strange glints. She is like an apparition -- a Goddess made of shifting, weaving moonlight radiance!

JUNGLE

General Iru, Major Crowley and the Simbi Elite unit feel the ground tremble. The sound of the earthquake sweeps across the night jungle like a deep roaring riptide. Trees crack. The military expedition comes to a halt. Major Crowley hurries to Iru's side.

CROWLEY
Earthquake!

IRU
Look!

He points at the mountain, visible through the trees.

MOUNTAIN

In the mists which shroud the summit of the mountain, chain lightning flares.

JUNGLE

General Iru checks the Geiger Compass. It is registering redline intensity. Iru's voice is controlled as he issues commands.

IRU
Issue tracer-bullets, combat grenades -- assault formation prepared for attack! Hold the men here while I take a lookout detail forward.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He fires a rocketflare. The red fireball arches like a Roman candle. The jungle turns blood-red for a moment.

IRU
That is your signal to open fire!

He grabs a pair of field binoculars and goes forward.

JUNGLE BORDER

Iru and the lookout detachment arrive at the edge of the barrier jungle. A sergeant holds a light while Iru checks the map.

IRU
The cliffs are up beyond the hills.

He scans the darkness with the field binoculars. He looks upward.

MOUNTAIN (OPTICAL)

Through the binoculars, the electrical storm flares inside of the lofty cloud cap. Thunder rolls down from the heights. The binocular lens traces downward. The dim cliffs are barely visible. Suddenly, a light stops Iru's scan.

BINOCULARS (CLIFF)

Visible through the binoculars, an unearthly image emerges from the cave opening. The weird, luminous presence is Sheena.

JUNGLE BORDER

Iru lowers the binoculars. He is shaken. He mutters.

IRU
...Flesh and blood....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He snaps an order to the Simbi sergeant.

IRU
Tell Major Crowley...she is coming to meet us...alone.

The sergeant stares at him.

IRU
Go!

The sergeant goes quickly.

HILLS

The strange figure of Sheena comes forward across the slopes. She moves relentlessly, trance-like. Following her, Killian comes down from the cliff. He carries the automatic weapon.

JUNGLE BORDER

Iru stands spellbound, watching the approaching figure.

SKY

Suddenly, the clouds part and the moon becomes visible.

SLOPES (OPTICAL)

Moonlight sweeps across the grassy expanse. The luminous figure of Sheena suddenly turns dark -- a normal shadow in the radiant light.

ECLIPSE

Now fully visible, the moon is revealed to have a crescent bite out of the lower quadrant. The eclipse gathers.

JUNGLE BORDER

The Simbi detail draws General Iru's attention to the eclipse. He looks up for a moment, then quickly puts the glasses away. He barks an order.

IRU
Return to battle stations!

They hurry back into the barrier jungle.

SLOPES

Killian reacts to the eclipse. He sees Sheena moving toward the barrier. He calls out.

KILLIAN
Sheena! Don't go in! They're waiting for you! They'll kill you!

Sheena keeps moving forward, unarmed, alone -- completely vulnerable.

JUNGLE

General Iru rejoins Major Crowley. The Simbi Elite unit is drawn up in combat formation.

JUNGLE BORDER

Sheena enters the dark interior. Killian runs across the grasslands, calling.

KILLIAN
Sheena! Sheena!

He stops as he sees a rocket-flare pop up over the treetops. Once again, the surroundings are bathed in blood-red light. Then, from the heart of darkness, a storm of gunfire unleashes. Bullets whip the ground in front of Killian. He dives for cover.

JUNGLE

In the jungle, Sheena stops as tracer-bullets rip up the foliage around her. She lifts her head and utters a series of calls -- the cries of jungle creatures!

JUNGLE

Iru's voice rings out.

IRU
Forward!

CROWLEY
Open fire!

The military expedition advances. They lay down a withering curtain of fire as they move forward. The combat-seasoned gunners shred the jungle in their path. General Iru signals a cease fire. The deafening gunfire abates. Iru stands listening. Major Crowley's voice is satisfied.

CROWLEY
No one could survive that....

Iru's eyes widen as Sheena, faintly luminous, suddenly appears before them. He screams.

IRU
Kill her! Kill her! Fire!

Awed by the apparition, the gunners hesitate. Sheena is magnificent as she sounds her battle cry!

JUNGLE WAR

The sound electrifies the jungle! In response to Sheena's war-cry, the surround becomes alive! Overhead, the trees suddenly teem with monkeys. They swarm above the Simbi force, raining rocks, sticks, coconuts! The air is filled with debris! The Simbi's direct searchlights upward to try to pick out their assailants. But no sooner do they begin to direct their fire upwards than Sheena signals a flank attack.

RIGHT FLANK

From the side, evil-eyed mandrils swarm to the attack, teeth bared. The troopers turn the lights only to be hit from another quarter.

LEFT FLANK

From the left, wildebeeste charge. The Simbi troopers fire wildly. The lowered horns drive in.

JUNGLE

Killian enters the barrier jungle as the bizarre battle is joined. He climbs a tree and observes the wild melée.

JUNGLE

Sheena then sends in her heavy forces. A pair of massive rhinos lower their heads and charge. They scatter the expedition like Patton tanks. Sheena's elite attack force then charges in: a pride of lions. The fierce cats shake the jungle with horrendous roaring. The searchlights criss-cross as the Simbi unit attempts to cope with the springing, charging, roaring attack.

JUNGLE

As the battle wages, the Simbis try to use flame-throwers. but the jungle beasts are too fast and furious. The flashes of flame only serve as illumination for the savage conflict.

JUNGLE

Sheena, totally in command, sends in a squad of bullnecked gorillas. Their anvil heads and mean eyes strike terror. And, to top it off, the ultimate heavies loom into the flickering light. Ears fanned, tusks gleaming, splitting the air with trumpet calls, a team of elephants rolls through, flattening anything -- in their path.

TREE

Killian is wide-eyed. The sound of the incredible battle is a surging, roaring, splitting, trumpeting -- solid wall of sound. He yells in excitement as Sheena, herself, jcins in the fray.

JUNGLE (SHEENA FIGHTS)

Sheena is a magnificent fighter. Her blinding speed lets her skip between sprays of tracer-bullets, her strength overwhelms the troopers in hand-to-hand flurries. She makes Bruce Lee look like a beginner.

JUNGLE (KILLIAN FIGHTS)

Seeing Sheena at her warrior best inspires Killian. He yells and jumps down to fight by her side. He backs her up with the automatic weapon and when it jams, uses it as a club. Side by side, the two warriors are formidable.

JUNGLE

In the finale of destruction, General Iru and Major Crowley take refuge behind a fallen log barricade. They hurl grenades. The barricade is stocked with ammunition packs and defoliant cannisters. Sheena and Killian are stopped by the overwhelming firepower -- until Killian gets an idea. He seizes a flame-thrower and starts the nozzle ignition. It flares like a blow-torch. Sheena lines up as Killian tosses it to her. She swings on a vine over the barricade, dropping the flame-thrower like a bomb!

BARRICADE

The flame-thrower splatters over the defoliant cannisters and ammo packs. The explosion is tremendous -- very nearly engulfing Sheena. However, she swings clear and drops into cover at the crucial instant. General Iru and Major Crowley are no more.

JUNGLE (AFTERMATH)

Sheena's forces are victorious. The invaders are overwhelmed. Simbi survivors retreat in total defeat. Killian comes to Sheena's side. They survey the flickering fires. The animals disperse.

BORDER

The eclipse is over. The moon is pale and quiet as dawn streaks the sky. Sheena and Killian emerge from the now silent barrier jungle. In the early light, the grassy slopes are peaceful. Arm in arm they head for the compound.

COMPOUND

Sheena and Killian enter. The morning, gold and pink, is fresh as Eden. They head for the platform bed. Killian freezes as the lioness Ki-a, lying on the skins, suddenly looks up, snarling.

SHEENA
Get down, Ki-a! This is...
(she glances at Killian)
...our bed.

The lioness departs, snarling as she glances at Killian. She clears the wall at a bound.

PLATFORM BED

Killian and Sheena relax on the bed, weary but happy. As they begin to carry Killian's lessons-in-love to a logical conclusion, Killian hears something under the platform. He peers over.

KILLIAN
That goes for you, too.

The two cubs come straggling out from under the bed and parade off after their foster-mother. Sheena laughs.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEENA
What next, Kill-ian?

KILLIAN
'...There are no words....'

He seizes her; she seizes him. They seizes each other in a happy, passionate embrace.

FADE OUT

-THE END-